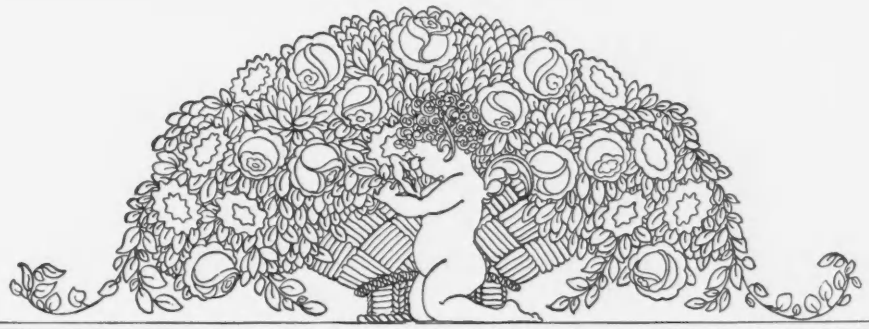

Volume VIII
Number VIII

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

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CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1929

PAGE

COVER DESIGN . . . . *Alexander Key*

GREETING PAGE

LAND LUBBERS . . . . . *Rose Waldo* 373
Drawing by Mildred Lyon Hetherington.

FRONTISPIECE 374
Drawing by Ilona de Kerekjarto

SEA WINDS . . . *Marion E. Le Bron* 375
Drawing by Ilona de Kerekjarto

TRAVEL TALES

BURIED TREASURE IN WALES *Caroline Mabry* 376
Illustrations by Hazel Frazee

ADVENTURE STORIES

THE CASE OF THE HOME VS. REX
Laura Long 378
Illustrations by Alexander Key

NURSERY NUGGETS

HAPPY TOAD . . . . *Birdsall Otis Edey* 382
Illustrations by Ethel R. Cline

THE SECRET OF ROSE ISLAND
Ruby Lorraine Radford 384
Illustrations by A. F. and M. S. Hurford

BILLY AND THE CASTLE

SERIAL, PART I . . . . . *Patten Beard* 386
Illustrations by A. F. and M. S. Hurford

BURIED-TREASURE HOUSE

SERIAL, PART V . . . *Eleanor Hammond* 388
Illustrations by Alice Carsey

PAGE

PUZZLE—HANS, WHO MADE THE PRINCESS LAUGH . . . . . *Helen Hudson* 391

FAIRY FANCIES

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T BELIEVE
Roberta Wayne 392
Illustrations by Dorothy Dobbin

MUSTACHES . . . . . *Aileen Fisher* 395

CAUTIOUS CREATURES CONTEST
David Newell 397

CHIP'S CHUMS . . . *Marjorie Barrows* 399
Silhouettes by Hazel Frazee

OUR WORKSHOP . . . *A. Neely Hall* 400

CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

PEAR HONEY . . . *Clara Ingram Judson* 403
Silhouettes by Mary Royt

GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE 405

YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S
Marie Driggs 406

HIDDEN GOLD . . . . *Clara Fahrenbach* 407

LET US DRAW . . . . . *Ethel Rice* 408

HAVE YOU EVER? . . . . *Nancy Clinton* 408
Illustrations by Gertrude A. Strickler

ALL ABOUT SWIMMING . *Sid G. Hedges* 409

JOY GIVERS' CLUB 411

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THREE DELIGHTFUL BOOKS FOR YOUNGER READERS

Danny and Fanny

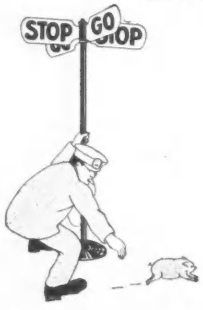
The Laurel Cliff Twins

***Story by* STRICKLAND GILLILAN**
***Pictures by* RUTH EGER**

DANNY and Fanny were together most all the time. Maybe that was because they were twins, or maybe it was because they just naturally had the best times together. Anyhow, they did have the most exciting adventures. One time they killed a big panther, and another time, when they were fishing together, they nearly had a terrible accident, and would have, too, but for Spot, their lively little fox terrier companion. Oh, they are a most interesting pair of twins!

There are nearly a hundred pages in this book, and ever so many pictures—colored ones and black and white ones, too. It is a nice size to handle and costs only $1.00 wherever you buy it.

The Little Pig Who Ate a Four-Leaf Clover

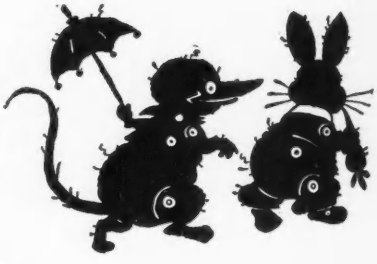


***Story and Pictures by* BARBARA FAIRBAIRN**

SUCH luck as came to Chops after he ate a four-leaf clover! Never before had a little pig had such adventures. He went to a big city, made friends with all sorts of interesting creatures, and finally went into the movies—the very first Piggie movie star! No wonder Chop's mother and brothers were proud of him. He was even a little bit proud of himself! But you will want to read for yourself all about his amazing adventures. Besides the story, there are many pictures of Chops and his friends in this book which is a hundred pages long, and costs just $1.00 at any bookstore.

The Raggedy Animal Book

***Rimes by* SHERWOOD RIPLEY**
***Pictures by* HARRISON CADY**



THERE are Raggedy Bears and Raggedy Rabbits, Raggedy Blue Jays and Raggedy Owls, and many other Raggedy animals and birds besides, pictured in this *Raggedy Animal Book*. They are such funny creatures you'll enjoy looking at them on every page, and you'll like the gay verses that tell about them,—their homes and their habits, their families and their food. Here's the first rime:

"The Raggedy Monkey, so happy and free,
Lived up in the top of a cocoanut tree.
And down underneath, in the deep river flood,
The Raggedy Crocodile lived in the mud."

This book is nearly a hundred pages long and is quite big, too, but with all its pictures and verses, it costs only $1.50 anywhere.

If you are unable to obtain these books at your local dealer, send your order to the publisher, adding 7c postage to the price of each book.

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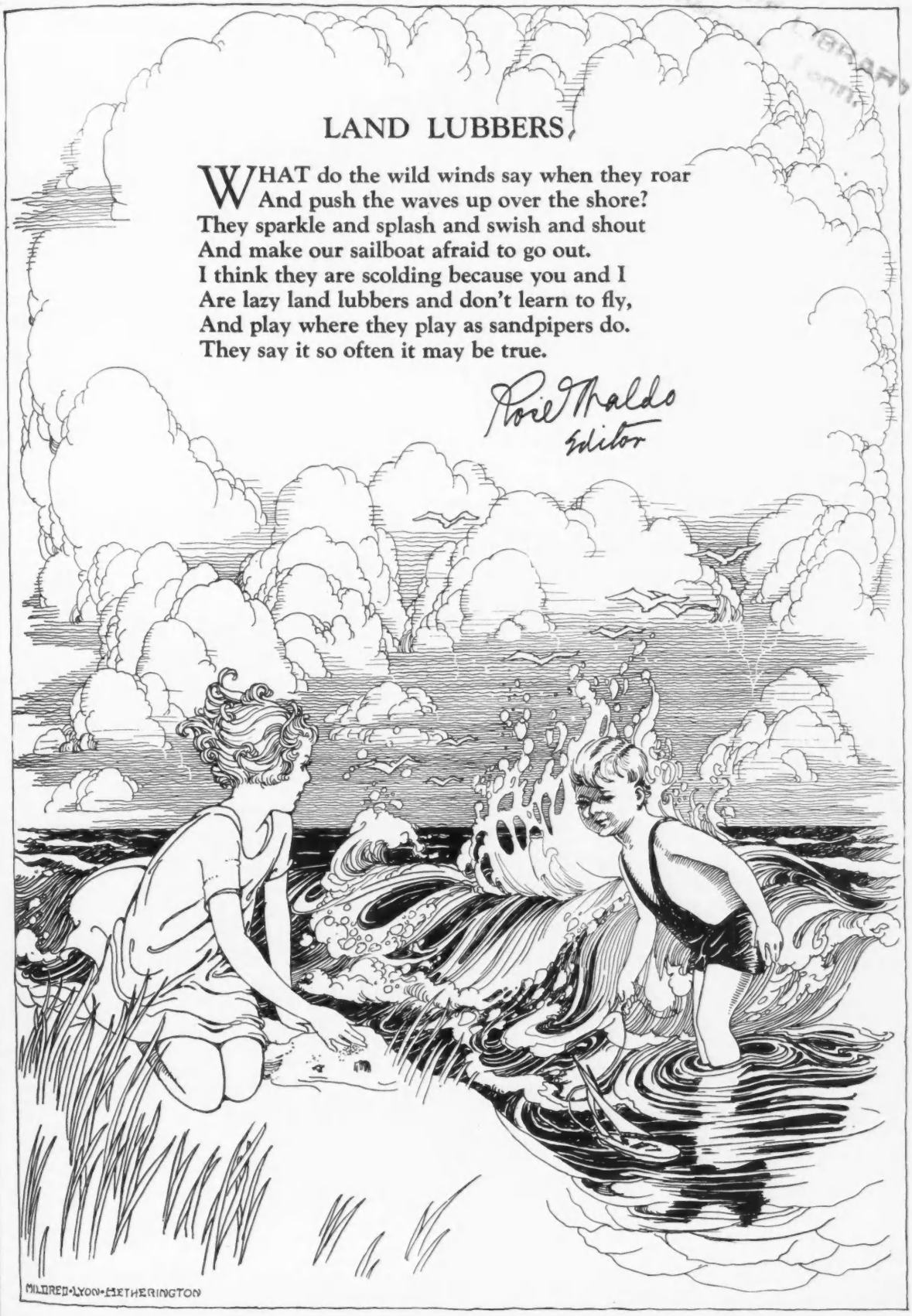
LAND LUBBERS.
WHAT do the wild winds say when they roar
And push the waves up over the shore?
They sparkle and splash and swish and shout
And make our sailboat afraid to go out.
I think they are scolding because you and I
Are lazy land lubbers and don't learn to fly,
And play where they play as sandpipers do.
They say it so often it may be true.
Rose Maldo
Editor
MILDRED·LYON·LETHERINGTON

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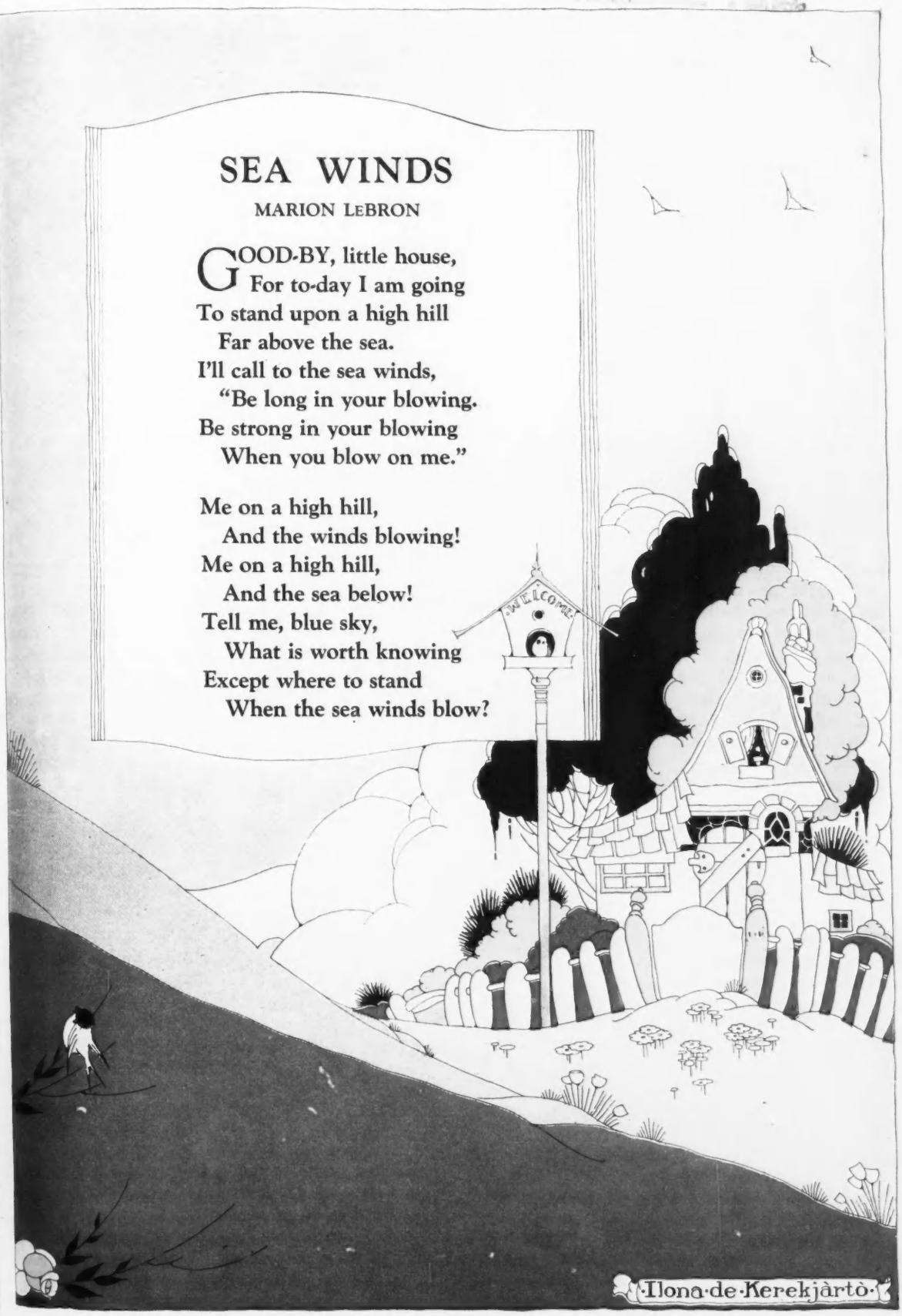
SEA WINDS

MARION LEBRON

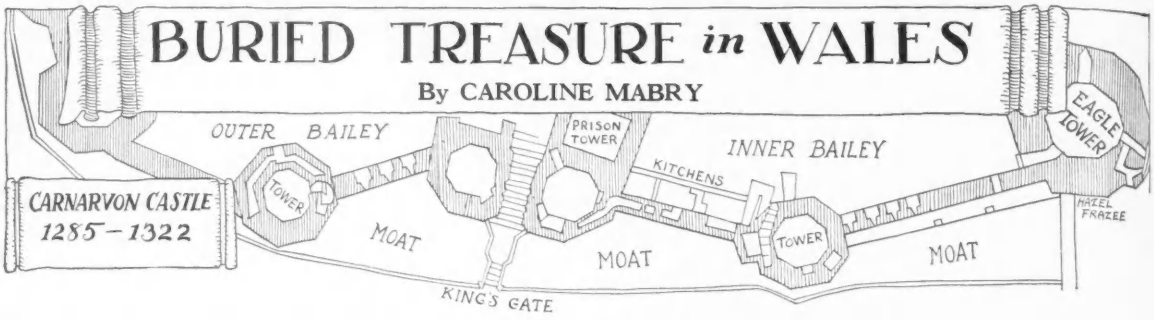
GOOD-BY, little house,
For to-day I am going
To stand upon a high hill
Far above the sea.
I'll call to the sea winds,
"Be long in your blowing.
Be strong in your blowing
When you blow on me."

Me on a high hill,
And the winds blowing!
Me on a high hill,
And the sea below!
Tell me, blue sky,
What is worth knowing
Except where to stand
When the sea winds blow?



BURIED TREASURE *in* WALES

By CAROLINE MABRY



GRANDFATHER had taken Ruth and Will to Carnarvon in Wales and they found it a delightful playground, for in Carnarvon is a ruined castle. It has a moat and nine high towers and a number of winding stairways. The children were allowed to play to their heart's content in the castle, and they were often quite alone in it, except for the guard at the gate who came to know them and be very friendly.

Many were the stories he told them of historic events that had taken place here. Fierce battles had raged. Legends crowned the towers with jewel bright tales of bravery. There were hints of buried treasure which no one had ever found.

In the center of the thick walls where the banquet hall used to be, the children found a grass plot crossed by gravel paths. Ruth and Will reenacted many historic scenes there. They played at conquests and planted their standard on the high Eagle Tower. They played, too, at the ceremony which had taken place when the present Prince of Wales was declared Prince in this castle, for it was here that the first Prince of Wales had been born.

In the late afternoon, Ruth and Will were performing a historic pageant. During a solemn moment a troop of sight-seers entered and overran the castle. Ruth and Will waited, leaning over the battlement above the river, until the prattle died away.

When they were alone again, they returned to the great hall. There they played at giving a banquet to all the lords and ladies of the surrounding country. From the nearest dungeon, Will brought a pocketful of stones, which in the magic of their play became the food for their table.

"What tender juicy boar's head!" Ruth laughed, balancing a stone in her fingers. "It's a banquet fit for a king."

But Will found the stones rather disappointing food, for he was really hungry, and the magic had not gone far enough to fill the empty space inside him.

"I've a friend at the inn," he said craftily, for he was thinking of the crackling fire on the hearth and hot meat pie, "and I must call on him shortly."

"If our guests would excuse us for a while," Ruth said, waving her hand about the empty space, "I would go with you."

So they bowed themselves out with great ceremony, and hurried to the gate. To their surprise, it was locked.

"The guard's gone," Ruth gasped. "He never left us in here before."

"He must have thought we went out with the trippers," Will answered.

"We're locked in here!" Ruth cried, her voice trembling, "and we may have to stay all night!"

"Behave like a queen," Will urged gallantly. "Who knows but we're needed here to defend our castle? I know every turn of the walls, dungeons and all."

To prove his boast, he entered a stone arched doorway near-by, and started down a long dark passage toward the circular stairs. With an arm extended each side against the mossy stones, he felt his way to the second story of the tower, which was lighted by deep windows. Ruth followed.

In the big empty room some workmen had been repairing a place in the wall which had crumbled.

They had left their tools to use again to-morrow. Will found a short iron bar and waved it gayly in the air. "This will be my sword," he declared, "and nothing can harm us."

"Brave man that you are, I will knight you," Ruth answered.

By the wide hooded fireplace in the Queen's Tower, he knelt. She touched his shoulders with the sword and dubbed him her bravest knight. Then he climbed into the deep casement of the window to look far and wide for any sign of attack on the castle. Ruth began to feel lonely. She climbed into the window seat beside him.

As he drew back the sword to make room for her, it struck the wall which the workmen had not finished repairing. To his amazement the stone he had hit fell out and rolled at his feet. He stooped over to peer into the opening it had left, and, greatly surprised, he found a hollow space behind it. He ran his arm in behind the wall, and his hand struck something less cold and hard than stone.

"It's a wooden chest," he cried. "I can feel the hinges. I believe we've found the treasure."

"Let me see," Ruth begged, her voice filled with wonder.

They ran their hands over the carved wooden chest, but they could not lift the lid.

"If I could pry loose another stone, I could crawl into the opening," Will said. "And then I could open the chest."

He took the iron bar that had become his trusty sword, and worked until he had loosened another stone. This left a space through which he could force his body and reach the chest. By the light which shone into the opening from the window, he found the clasp and forced it open with the bar.

A strange and delightful sight met his eyes, for the chest was filled, not with gold or with jewels, but with children's toys which must have been buried there for ages. There were wooden dolls with painted hair and faces and such dresses as no dolls had worn for ever so long. There were wooden cannon and soldiers with painted shields. There were horses with gay jousting riders. There were bows and arrows. The children had never seen toys like them, for they seemed to be centuries old.

As Ruth and Will lifted them out to the casement, the castle seemed to echo with the laughter of princely children who had returned to enjoy their beloved treasures. Will ranged the soldiers in royal battle. Ruth rocked in her arms the dolls that had waited so long to be petted.

"There's something else in the bottom of the chest," Will cried, ordering the toy soldiers to stand at attention.

He crawled back into the opening, and he handed out to Ruth a roll of children's clothes. There was a dress of stiff blue satin which laced up the front with a cord like a shoelace, also a red velvet dress with flowers of gold all bordered with fur. There were boys' clothes too—short satin knickers with coats embroidered in silver and lace frills in the necks and sleeves. There were princely velvet capes and plumed hats. And last of all there was a boy's suit of armor, its breastplate inlaid with a coat-of-arms.

Ruth lost no time in trying on one of the dresses. It was much too large for her, but she was so enchanted she had no idea how funny she looked. With the belt of her own dress, she puffed it up about the waist and went prancing off across the room, every inch a princess.

Will was almost convulsed with laughter. She looked like a very splendid sack of flour tied in the middle. But he turned from her ridiculous ladyship to select a princely garb for himself. And then he found that he was in a sorrier plight than Ruth, for the boys' clothes were too small for him. He almost stopped breathing trying to shrivel enough to get into them. The puffed sleeves bound his arms so he couldn't move. The collar choked him. And the suit of armor which was the prize treasure of all seemed hopeless.

But Ruth seeing his difficulty tried to help him. She found clasps in the armor which let it out and made it a little larger. In a pinch, Will could wear it. He felt like a single sardine in a much too small can, but if he hunched his shoulders and held in his waist he could stand it. He was admiring himself when they heard a clatter at the gate.

"We are attacked," he cried.

"Or rescued, maybe," Ruth whispered, hoping it

[*Continued on page 395*]

THE CASE OF THE HOME vs REX

By LAURA LONG

IT WAS a family conference. Tommy's father, in big red leather chair, and his mother, in the arm-chair under the lamp, both looked sorry, but helpless. Tommy was loudly blowing his nose to hide his tears. Mary Jo, the baby, sat with her dark curls cuddled against the tawny gold hair of a big police dog that was sprawled in the middle of the floor, his beautiful golden eyes affectionately watching the child.

"Look, Mother! Look how sweet he is with Mary Jo! And he's so beautiful. Lots of people think he's a collie. But he's a prettier shape than a collie. He's so gentle and smart and—"

"That may be true, but we can't have people driven away from our door by his crazy barking." Tommy knew when his mother had that tight look about her mouth, she was in earnest. "For two weeks now, we've needed an electrician to fix the range, but the last time they sent a man out here, Rex wouldn't let him cross the threshold. He barked so ferociously that the man turned pale and left. And I'm all but sure we're only getting about half our mail, for the minute the dog sees the postman—"

"And the other night," interrupted Mr. Barton, "a client of mine came out to see me about a case, and the dog barked until I had to shut him up in the kitchen. It's bad for business. Who wants a lawyer that's a nurse for a police dog?"

The dog, as though he realized he was being discussed, and that it was time to say a good word for himself, stopped his play with Mary Jo and, raising himself to his majestic height, walked proudly over to Mr. Barton. He laid his slender nose against the man's knee, looking into his face beseechingly. Tommy, seeing his father soften at the sight, determined to make the most of the situation.

"It's funny, Dad, how he barks at some people and doesn't at others. If we could find out why he does that, maybe we could cure him. Wouldn't you please give him one more chance?"

The dog, for all his great size, leaped lightly onto the man's lap and leaned his head against that broad shoulder.

"What's the matter with you, old boy?" Mr. Barton smiled, as he rubbed the dog's long nose. "Do you think you're a poodle? Or a Peke? Well, you're not, though you do have a way with you."

The dog leaned drowsily against the man's arm, as though suddenly overcome with sleepiness.

"Suppose," said Mr. Barton, in his most judicial manner, "we have a trial for him a week from to-night. You defend the criminal, Tom, and Mother can represent the State—in this case the Home. I'm interested in that theory of yours that there's a reason for the dog's barking at some people and not at others. The case will be called at eight o'clock next Monday night. I'll be the judge."

Tommy ran over and threw his arms around his father, and then around Rex.

"Thanks a lot, Dad. I'll have a defense lined up by then." Secretly, Tommy looked at his mother slyly. "I don't think Mother will mind losing her case. She kinda likes Rex herself."

This was Monday, but by Thursday night, though it was spring vacation and Tommy had given almost his entire time to the case, the boy was no nearer a solution than he had been at the start. On a piece of paper, he had carefully written down the names of all those at whom Rex barked. On another sheet, he wrote the names of those whom he instantly liked. When he went up to bed Thursday night, Tommy unfolded the two lists and spread them out on his desk, vainly trying to find some reason or pattern in the things. To begin with, both lists were almost the same length, for since Rex never was known to bark at women or girls or babies,

Tommy had not included those names on his list. But he did include dogs, for Rex was just as confusing in his attitude toward other dogs as in his treatment of men and boys. Yet it did look as though charming Rex had no sense whatever—and after Mother had already admitted to him privately that she hoped he won the case!

For the fourth time, he examined his data, in the vain hope that he might find some chance clue. If Rex barked at Chub, Ted's dog, but not at Ted, whom he liked almost as well as he did Tommy, it might be because he was jealous of Chub, because Ted was so fond of him. But that wasn't right, for he didn't bark at either Jimmy or his dog, Spot, while he did bark at Lyman, though Lyman's dog, Blink, was his best friend. It all looked crazy to him! Perhaps the reason he didn't like Mr. Ross was because of the mail bag on his back. But now that Mr. Ross had been sick, and Mr. Arthur was carrying the mail, Rex ran out to meet the postman with the same eagerness with which he greeted Mr. Allison, the milkman. Mr. Green, who delivered groceries for Beal & Company, was afraid to come in the yard, while Johnny Seal, who drove Antrim's truck, had a hard time keeping Rex from following him. It was the most confusing puzzle Tommy had ever tackled in all the eleven years of his life. And Tommy imagined himself rather good at puzzles, too.

Finally, completely befuddled, he rolled into bed. He spent a restless night and awoke just before dawn, unable to go back to sleep again. So he snapped on the light by his bed and hunted through the books on his table for something to read. "Kari" was the book he selected, and so interested did he become in the adventures of the little jungle boy that he was almost late to breakfast.

He found his mother in the dining room, in no pleasant frame of mind.

"You'll have to do without bacon, Tommy. We *must* get rid of that dog. This morning, before we even knew he was near, he'd jumped up on the table and grabbed the box of bacon. Sometimes, he reminds me of a wolf. His sense of smell is fearfully keen, and he's always watching his chance to get what he wants."

Tommy almost choked on his cereal. Here was a real, sure enough idea! He took a long, deep drink of milk. A wolf! Then he asked, "Aren't police dogs supposed to have wolf blood in them?"

"I don't know." His mother was not interested.

"I've heard they had. Gee, Mother!" Tommy was excited. "I've got the answer at last!" Tommy danced around the table. "I know why Rex barks at some and doesn't at others."

"Why?" asked his mother. "Though I can't say I'm interested. It's a mystery to me why a respectable family will be worried with such an animal. Still—well, why?"

"Don't you remember, in "Kari," it tells how wolves and tigers can smell anything that's afraid of them? And that they always attack anyone that smells afraid, or something like that? Well, I'll bet the people Rex barks at are afraid of him, no matter how much they may say they're not!"

Mrs. Barton looked startled. "Tommy! You can't go around accusing people of being cowards. That's ill bred. You'll have to do better than that, after this morning. I'm gathering more and more evidence against him all the time."

"This is a start, anyway. I'll work out something to save him."

"To-day is Friday. Monday's your last day."

"I know it. You needn't remind me."

Mother looked at him queerly, and he felt ashamed that he had spoken so quickly, but it didn't seem quite sporting of Mother to turn on the other side, after she'd been willing to help him all she could before. He'd show them what he could do.

But in the next two days Tommy found that what he could do was absolutely nothing. On Sunday, after church, Dr. Stoughton, and his son, Bob, came home with them for dinner. Tommy had always loved Dr. Stoughton, but Bob had long had a reputation among the boys for being a coward. Tommy could not help wondering what Rex would do about the company. As they started up the walk from the car, Rex, with ears pointed, head lifted proudly, with his plumed tail waving like a banner, came trotting around the house to meet them. At sight of the strangers, he started barking, but as he drew near the doctor, the bark changed into a friendly whine as he jumped against the man in greeting. Dr. Stoughton was pleased. He patted Rex on the head and spoke to him kindly. But the next minute, the dog saw Bob and rushed at him, barking as hard as he could bark. And the more Rex barked, the more determined Bob seemed not to eat dinner with the Bartons.

"He won't hurt you, Bob," said his father, reassuringly. "He's a fine dog. My, but he's a beauty!"

But Bob was still uncomfortable, and Tommy, scenting trouble, suggested that his father take Rex in the house with him, while he took Bob around to the garage to show him his shop.

"A good idea, Tommy," agreed his father, and then he said to Dr. Stoughton, "You know, Tom is the kind of boy that has to find out why everything does the way it does. So he has a shop in the garage where he can tear up clocks and motors and dynamos at his own sweet will."

The boys went around the house, but by the time they got to the kitchen door, Rex was standing inside the screen barking as loud as he could. Susie, the cook, must have gone outdoors for something, and Rex must have pushed past her, for a few minutes later he came leaping across the yard, barking his lungs out. Tommy was trying to get a motorcycle he had been working on from behind some other things at the back of the garage. The handle of Mary Jo's scooter was caught in it, and he was having a hard time getting them untangled. Suddenly he heard Rex cry out in pain. He looked around in time to see Bob Stoughton's fat leg still in the air, while the dog grabbed his assailant by one leg of his knickers. Bob was screaming with fright.

"Keep still," said Tommy, gruffly. "You kicked him, you know."

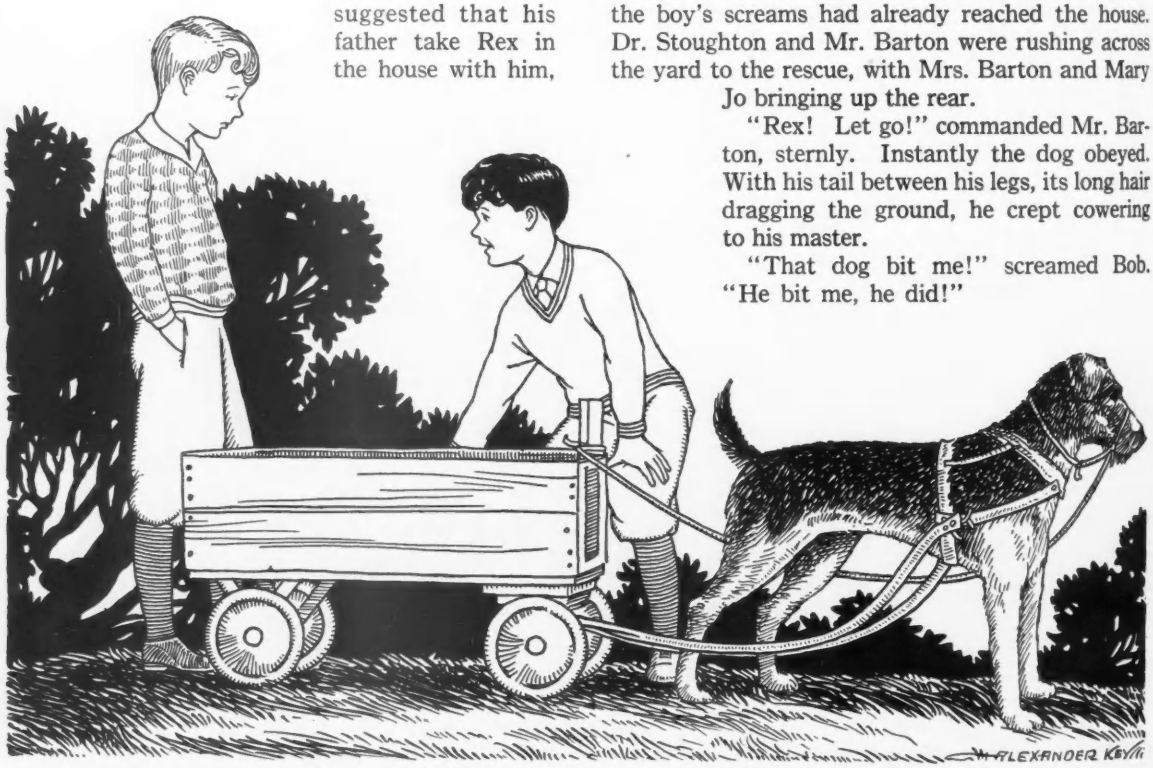
"What of it? Hasn't he been barking at me all day? Get him loose. Don't let him hang on here forever."

"You got yourself into this mess. Get yourself out!" cried Tommy. Everyone seemed to be down on Rex!

Tommy turned to put the motorcycle back, to free his hands so that he might release Bob, but the boy's screams had already reached the house. Dr. Stoughton and Mr. Barton were rushing across the yard to the rescue, with Mrs. Barton and Mary Jo bringing up the rear.

"Rex! Let go!" commanded Mr. Barton, sternly. Instantly the dog obeyed. With his tail between his legs, its long hair dragging the ground, he crept cowering to his master.

"That dog bit me!" screamed Bob. "He bit me, he did!"



"What did you do to him?" asked Dr. Stoughton quietly, as he skillfully felt the boy's body to make sure he was not hurt.

"I didn't do a thing! Not a thing! He just ran up and bit me!"

Tommy glared at Bob, but said nothing.

"That settles it," said Mrs. Barton. "The dog goes to the country to-morrow."

"I don't think he bit Bob, Mrs. Barton. I think the boy's scared enough to believe he did, though. I think I'll take him in the house and look him over."

After they were gone, Tommy could stand it no longer.

"Bob kicked Rex. I saw him do it."

"That doesn't excuse Rex, Tommy. We can't keep a dog we can't trust."

Monday morning, when Tommy started back to school, Rex was still chained and in disgrace. Monday noon, Mother reported that the dog had made so much noise, except when Mary Jo was out playing with him, that she feared the neighbors would complain.

"I'll take him downtown with me this afternoon," offered Mr. Barton. "He loves to ride, and he's always contented just to sit in the car. He imagines he's guarding it." Then he looked over at Tommy. "To-night's the trial, son. But I think we'd better send him to the country to-morrow. We can't keep him here."

Tommy excused himself from the table, although cottage pudding with chocolate sauce was his favorite dessert, and went to find Rex. The dog was delighted to see him. He jumped on the boy with such force that it nearly knocked Tommy down. He chewed his hands and his coat and his legs, even his chin, just as he had chewed every puppy in the neighborhood. Tommy patted him, hugged him, scolded him, wrestled with him, and when they were both tired, Tommy sat on the garden bench, with Rex beside him, resting a warm muzzle on his shoulder. The boy could feel the dog's soft, silken hair against his cheek.

Suddenly, Tommy felt himself getting very, very angry with himself. What sort of a fellow was he, anyway, to let them take good old Rex away? Just because of a little tear in Bob Stoughton's trousers! Why, he didn't even bite clear through the trousers! How many dogs, with teeth as big as Rex's, would bite as gently as that? Yet he would have to go away, unless Tommy could find a way to save him. And all the time, Tommy knew in his heart that there wasn't any way to be found!

After school, Tommy ran away from the boys and walked the streets alone, with tears in his eyes, though he never would have admitted it. But his solitary stroll gave him no brilliant idea, and at last, thinking it was almost time for Dad to bring Rex home, he turned back. Ted was waiting for him when he got there. Ted had driven over in state and was anxious for Tommy to inspect his equipage. It was a wooden box, mounted on the bed of an express wagon, drawn by Ted's Airedale, Chub, who was harnessed to the road by a strange contraption of heavy twine and leather straps. Ordinarily, Tommy's interest in this arrangement would have been intense. To-day, he barely saw it. Who could be interested in any old coward of a dog like Chub, when a *regular* dog like Rex was in trouble?

"That's good strong harness, Tom; it'll hold forever," bragged Ted. "Nothin' can keep that harness from holdin'."

"Who cares?" growled Tommy. "Let's play ball. I gotta go in when Dad comes. I can't play long."

No one ever knew exactly what happened after that. Tommy had a vague impression of Mary Jo toddling up to Chub, petting him, and finally untying him. No one knew how the child ever managed to climb over the rough sides of the box, nor how she knew to keep hold on the twine reins, so that Chub could not stumble over them. Tommy saw Chub jogging along the sidewalk, with Mary Jo in the wagon. As he stopped to call to her, he saw Daddy driving up the street in the sedan, with Rex standing on the back seat. And then he saw Chub pulling the wagon into the street, squarely in front of Dad's car. Without thinking, he started to run; then, realizing the hopelessness of trying to save his

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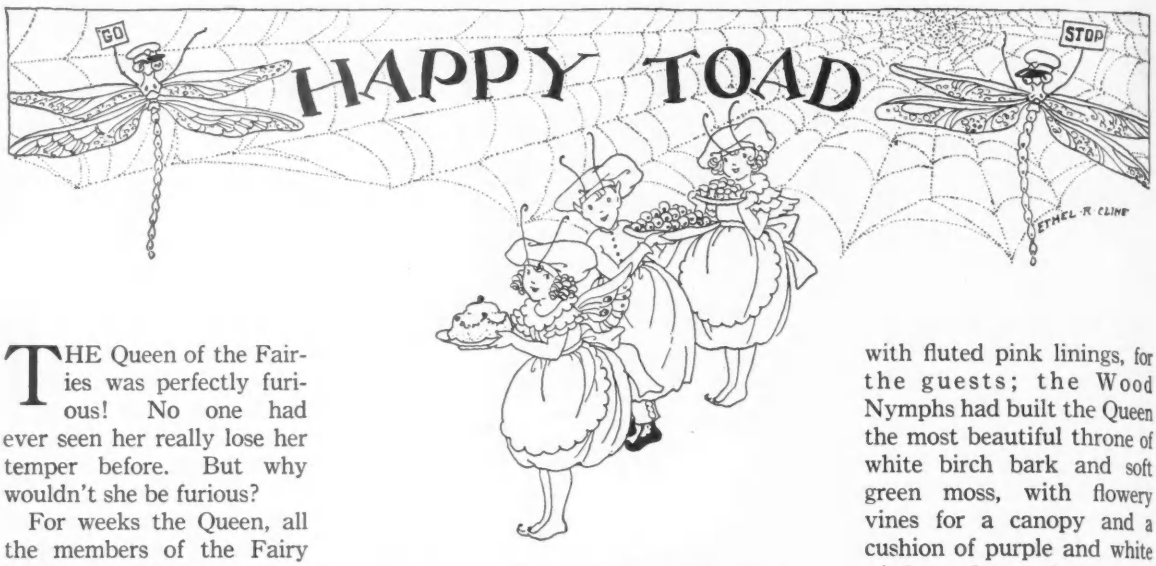


HAPPY TOAD

By BIRDSALL OTIS EDEY

THE Queen of the Fairies was perfectly furious! No one had ever seen her really lose her temper before. But why wouldn't she be furious?

For weeks the Queen, all the members of the Fairy Parliament, all the members of the Brownies' Senate, all the members of the Gnome-land Cabinet, the Pixy Elks and the Elves' Assembly had been planning and getting ready for a garden party with water sports, in the pool.

They had hired the entire Southern Branch of Amalgamated Fireflies to make extra light. They had engaged the best band of the Society of the Benevolent Night Noises, and all the Fairy cooks had made fudge and cakes and cookies. Mr. Black Spider had had a very special lot of spiders at work and the webs they had spun were beautiful, especially since the little Dew Men had hung them all with dewdrops that sparkled, in the moonlight, like diamonds.

The Gnomes had put up hundreds of white tents, with fluted pink linings, for the guests; the Wood Nymphs had built the Queen the most beautiful throne of white birch bark and soft green moss, with flowery vines for a canopy and a cushion of purple and white violets for a footstool. Then—just at the very last minute, when everything was in readiness, with the Dragon Flies acting as policemen to direct the traffic, and the Queen was pinning on her crown—Happy Toad fell into the pool!

It was enough to make any Queen furious.

Happy was the youngest of a large family of toads. He was a little toad, but his curiosity was enormous; he had to see things; he had to go to places and he was always in trouble, but this was the very worst trouble of all.

There he was in the very center of the pool, clinging with his two pale little hands to the big leaf, on which the judge was to sit during the water sports, and gazing about him with his bulgy eyes, his breath coming so fast, that his pink throat was all swelled up. He was frightened to death, of course, because the water was very deep, and Happy couldn't swim very much; and as he clung to the leaf, he was trying to make up his mind which would be worse, drowning, or being rescued and spanked by Ma Toad, cuffed by Pa Toad, pommelled by Brother Toad, and scorned by Sister Toad (who was always good) and, worst of all, brought before the Fairy Parliament! No wonder his eyes bulged. No wonder his throat was all swelled up, but he clung to the leaf.

Ma Toad found him first. "Happy," she shouted, "come right out of there!"

Poor Happy couldn't obey his mother.

Ma Toad hopped off and got Pa Toad, and they both shouted at him to get out, but he couldn't. He wanted to dreadfully, too.

The news spread very quickly. A Dragon Fly saw Happy. He told the Crickets, and they told the Katydids, and soon the whole of Fairyland was shouting. "Happy Toad is in the pool! Happy Toad can't get out of the pool!"

The Queen heard the shouting as she was putting on her crown, and she asked the lady-in-waiting

what was the matter. The lady-in-waiting ran to the palace window and listened.

"May it please your Majesty," she said, "they are saying, 'Happy Toad has fallen into the pool.'"

It was then that the Queen lost her temper.

"Happy Toad in the pool!" she cried. "Go and tell the Prime Minister to get him out at once."

The little lady-in-waiting ran to tell the Prime Minister, and the Queen—thinking that she had better go and attend to Happy Toad herself—ran quickly down the stairs, without half pinning on her crown.

"Call my carriage!" cried the Queen, as she ran, and when her beautiful gold coach, drawn by eight humming birds drew up to the door of the palace, her Majesty jumped in and off they flew to the garden.

When the Queen arrived at the pool, she found everything in the greatest confusion. Fairies were running to and fro, all shouting at once, and in the middle of the pool, clinging to the leaf, was Happy Toad, very frightened, and yet rather proud to be the center of attraction.

The Queen stood on the edge of the pool and said, in her grandest manner, "Happy Toad, come out of my pool!"

"I can't," said Happy Toad.

"What do you mean by 'can't'?" said the Queen. "Don't hold on to that leaf! That is for the Judge of the races to sit on. Let go and come here!"

"I can't let go," said Happy Toad. "If I do, I'll sink. I can't swim."

"*Then sink!*" said the Queen in her most commanding voice.

So poor Happy Toad took a long breath, let go the leaf, and promptly sank out of sight.

The minute he disappeared under the water, a loud cry went up from all the crowd. "Oh, poor little Happy Toad!" they sobbed. "He'll drown!"

The Queen looked very uncomfortable. She leaned over the edge of the pool and tried to see Happy Toad, and she leaned so far that her beautiful crown (that was only half pinned on, you remember) fell right off her head, into the pool.

"My crown, my beautiful crown!" cried the Queen. "It has fallen into the pool."

"Her Majesty's crown has fallen into the pool!" echoed all the Fairies and Gnomes and Pixies and Elves.

"What shall I do?" wailed the Queen.

But no one knew what to suggest; they just stood and gazed into the pool.

All this time Mr. Turtle had been coming up from the pond, to be the Judge of the races. He heard the shouting and was making all the haste that he could when he met a field mouse, who told him the trouble. Now Mr. Turtle was very fond of Happy Toad, and he knew he couldn't live long under the water, so he fairly ran to the pool and dove in, and in one minute he rose to the top with Happy Toad, rather limp and pale, sitting on his back, and on Happy Toad's head was the Queen's crown! It had fallen right down on top of his head and stayed there.

Many willing hands helped pull Mr. Turtle and Happy Toad to the grass. The Queen was so delighted to have her crown, that she forgot all about scolding Happy Toad, but gave him her velvet coat to wear, so he would not feel quite so limp and cold and wet and had him sit beside her all evening, and fed him the nicest cake and ice cream.

When the prizes were given, Happy Toad got one for rescuing the Queen's crown. It was a gold belt, but as it was made for a Fairy, Happy Toad couldn't wear it around his fat middle, so he wore it for a ring, instead, to remind him to keep away from the pool.

THE SECRET OF ROSE ISLAND

By RUBY LORRAINE RADFORD

Author of "*The Mystery of the White Knight.*"

"OH, THERE'S a great big one!" exclaimed Miriam in a delighted tone as she dipped her scoop net into the water.

John held the mouth of a crocus sack wide while she shook the wiggling crab into it. "That makes ten big ones and two baby crabs," said the boy with satisfaction.

"We'd better go back home now—looks like a storm is coming up," said Miriam. "Wind's so strong now it's about to blow us away."

"I'll be glad to get on the dock," said John, realizing how choppy the waves were.

He reached for the rickety old ladder by which they had come down to the water. Just as he did so an unusually strong wave tilted the boat, then with a peculiar twist swung it sideways. The rope that had held them close to the dock was lifted from the post over which it was looped. In another minute the little craft was swinging up stream.

"Get the oars, quick!" cried Miriam.

"There aren't any oars," put in John. "Grandmother didn't let me bring them down. She said we must stay right at the end of the dock."

"And the tide's carrying us straight towards Rose Island where she said we must never go. Oh, what shall we do?" Miriam was on the verge of tears.

"I can't see that it does any good to jump up and down and rock the boat," was John's practical reply. "Let's be thankful the tide's coming in instead of going out. It'll be better to be carried to Rose Island than washed out to sea."

The children were silent a while as stormy waves bore them steadily away from the dock and up the inlet leading to Rose Island. A blustery wind went rippling through stretches of marsh grass on each side. Tall palmettoes on the distant island were tossing in the storm. Slowly but steadily the boat drifted beyond marshy tide lands and into the shadow of towering trees on Rose Island.

Ever since the Lanceford cousins came to spend the summer with their grandparents they had been curious about this island where their ancestors had lived in Revolutionary days. When they asked to visit the island, however, Mrs. Lanceford was emphatic in her refusal to let them go there.

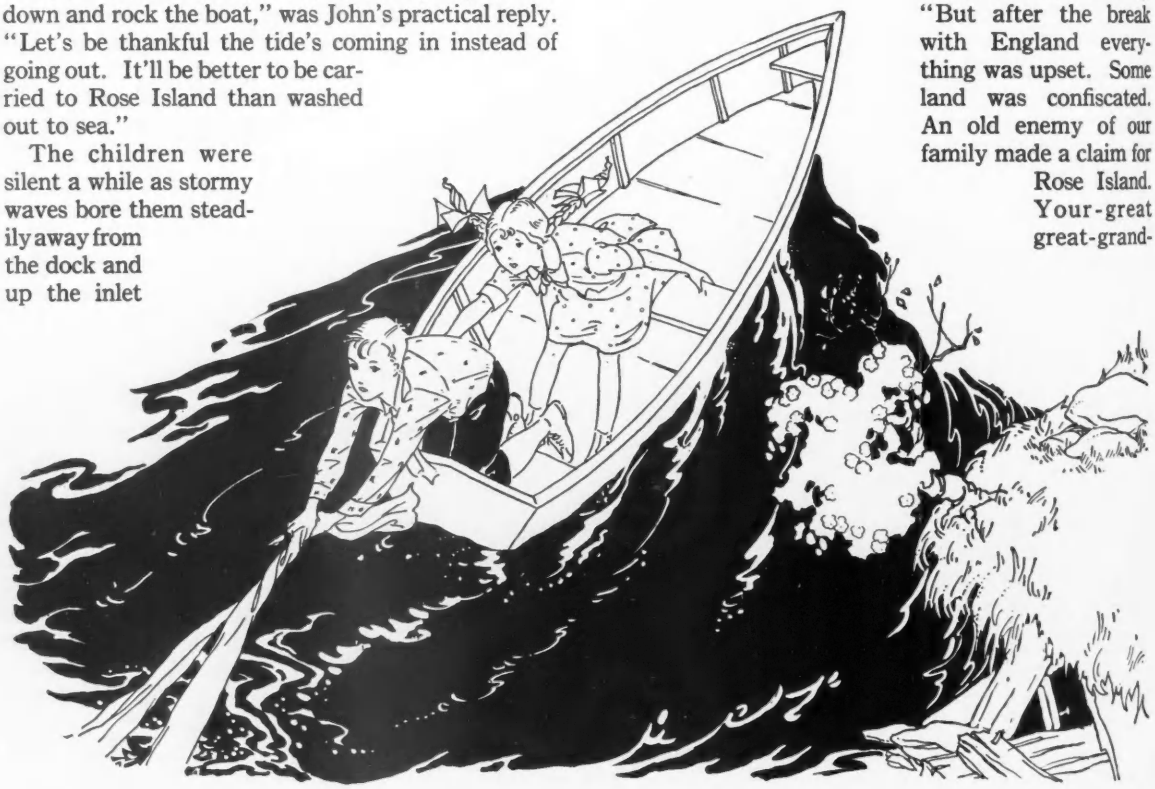
"No Lanceford will ever set foot on that land so long as it is disputed property," she told them.

"But why is it disputed property?" asked John. "Didn't my great-great-grandfather build the house there long before the Revolution?"

"He certainly did," said Grandmother emphatically, "and King George granted the land for him to build it on, but the land grant was lost and later we had no way to prove the property was ours."

"But why did you have to prove it?" asked Miriam. "The family had lived there since this part of the country was settled."

"Yes," Grandmother replied, then paused a moment to count the stitches in her knitting. "But after the break with England everything was upset. Some land was confiscated. An old enemy of our family made a claim for Rose Island. Your-great great-grand-



father had been away in the fighting and when he tried to find the land deeds they could not be located. His father died while he was away and we always believed he was the only one who knew where the deeds were. The land dispute was carried to court but never satisfactorily settled. After that the family agreed never to go back to the island until they had established their rightful claim to the property."

Miriam was thinking of this conversation as the stormy tide bore them directly towards the island.

"We're going to be driven on the island anyhow," said John, almost as though voicing her thoughts.

"We can't help it if the tide takes us there," said Miriam, trying to face the situation bravely.

The wind was now howling through towering trees bordering the creek. Suddenly John began to think fast. He must not let the boat be carried around the island and out to sea on the other side. He was not familiar with the inlet here and so had to guard against the boat being wrecked on some hidden reef or mud bank. Even here on the lee of the island the boat was tumbling and pitching so they could scarcely keep their seats. What must the storm be like on the open sea? Had not John always been thrilled by storms, he might have lost his head that day.

"We've got to land somehow," he said.

"But how? We've no oars," replied Miriam. "The current keeps us right in mid-stream."

"If we could only reach some of those long vines trailing from the trees, maybe we could pull ashore."

They watched eagerly for an opportunity to anchor themselves that way, but a swift current bore them on and on around the southern end of the island. Beyond that was open water covered with tumbling white caps. Into this they would surely be carried as soon as the tide turned.

Suddenly John snapped his fingers, his eyes shining with hope. "I have an idea!" he exclaimed.

The next moment he seized the crocus bag of crabs and shook them overboard, and narrowly missed shaking himself in the water with them.

"What are you doing that for?" asked Miriam in surprise.

"Just watch," replied John. He put his foot on the empty sack, while feeling for his knife with one hand and holding on to the boat with the other. With the sharp blade of his knife he ripped open the sack, then twined it into the shape of a rope.

"Now if I can catch this over one of those ragged oyster reefs, maybe we can pull ashore," he said.

They watched eagerly till the boat turned close to a reef almost covered with water. Then with a quick swing of his arm John threw out an end of the crocus sack, and succeeded in catching the rough cloth on the shells. In spite of the pitching of the boat he held on to the sack, while Miriam gripped him with one hand and the seat with the other. Then with a lurch the boat ran safely on the reef. John took thought to secure the hawser around some jagged shells. Then they scrambled up over the shells and across to the mainland.

"Maybe we can find a house," said John. He dashed off through the underbrush with his cousin close at his heels.

Neither of them stopped to realize that they were at last on Rose Island, the place that had always been a region of wonder and dreams to them. The trees through which the wind was howling seemed to stretch for endless miles. Rain began to fall. Panting and hot, Miriam paused a moment for breath and happened to see not far away to the right a moss-covered roof.

"There—there's a house!" she called out to John who had already left her some distance behind.

He was back at her side in a moment and together they hurried toward the old building. "Must be the very house our great-great-grandfather lived in," said the boy in awed tones.

Before they reached the shelter rain came down in torrents and the weed-grown garden was unnoticed as they stumbled up to the porch. One corner of the roof was caved in, but the front door stood sagging and ajar. Through this the cousins dashed,

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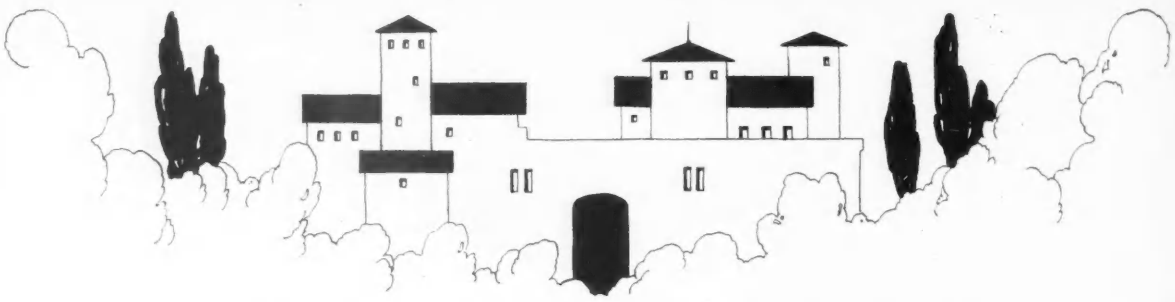


BILLY AND A CASTLE

By PATTEN BEARD
Author of "Tucked In Tales" "The Jolly Book of Boxcraft" "The Complete Playcraft Book."

PART I

THE horn of Daddy Cory's automobile, that Billy called "The Old Ark," honked as it made its way down the drive to the street; Dad was saying good-by to Mother and Billy. He had to hurry to keep a business engagement with the man who had telephoned by long distance, and Billy's usual Saturday afternoon drive with Mother and Dad was spoiled.

"What am I to do with myself all alone this whole afternoon?" Billy tried to look cross but grinned instead. "You ought to bring me something pretty nice, after spoiling my holiday. The gang 's all gone away!"

Dad looked sorry. "Maybe I'll bring you a new auto—this year's make!" he called back. "But I have to find the right kind of school property for my client. You can go look it up, if you want something to do. If you find anything, I'll give you a ten-dollar bill!" Honk! Honk! He was *gone*. A long afternoon lay ahead of Billy. In the evening there was Granny's birthday party, but there was nothing to do, *now*. After a week of downpours, the sky was clear, cloudless, mild and blue. The wind seemed in a hurry to reach far places. It was a day that made one long to go somewhere and do something! It was not a day to stay indoors and fix up a stamp collection—even though Billy's hobby was one of an ardent collector.

Maybe Skippy Smith could go somewhere—Skip had a stamp that Billy wanted. Billy rushed to the telephone. "Hello, Skip—that you, old man! You got a date? Do you want to go along with me? I have a dandy stamp to swap with you?"

The deep voice of Skippy's elder brother, George, answered. "Why, hello yourself, Billy! Skippy's up at Lake Connover."

"I wanted Skippy to go on a hike." Billy's voice showed his disappointment. "I haven't anyone to play around with. My dad had a phone call from a client, some man who wants to buy school property to start a school. It seems as though I never wanted to go anywhere so much!"

"Come along with me," suggested George. "You tell your mother you'll stay the night at camp with Skippy. We'll get you home by ten-thirty tomorrow morning. Come on! I'm going over to the lake in ten minutes—in my little new second-hander. Come along; Skippy will be tickled."

Billy's heart bounded. Then he remembered Granny's birthday party! Dad was hurrying home for that, and, of course, he couldn't go to Lake Connover with George! "Say, I have an idea! I can't go all the way with you but I can go part way, if you drop me near the trolley, so I can get back to Wherebee and home in time for supper! Could you?"

"Sure," said George.

"Then I'll be over," said Billy.

Mother looked a bit doubtful, when he asked her, but she saw the shadow of disappointment pass over Billy's face.

"Son," she said, "I can depend on you to take good care of yourself. I suppose George knows all about cars. If you should have a blow-out or miss the trolley, telephone home. Have you money?"

Billy nodded and hugged Mother for letting him go. He met George and "The Cricket" and climbed up in the seat. He felt very grown-up with George, who talked to him as if he were his own age. He heard all about how George painted the Cricket, all the gossip of Austin's garage, whose car was the best, how much money George had—he was a little low, or he would have stopped and treated to a soda in Milford as they whizzed through. And in Bristol, Billy treated George to an ice cream—just plain maple nut. It took some time; deciding about it was hard.

Then George said, if they went a roundabout road, they could go by way of Walnut Mountain. At the top, they could see Lake Connover. He would go that way, if Billy was willing. Billy was, so long as he could get that trolley back.

The Cricket climbed the hills with effort. They had to stop to cool off the engine. Then they saw

the view. George pointed out the camp, a tiny speck by the blue mirror of lakeside. "Lucky I can save on gas going down here. I'm sure short on gas, if I'm to get there on what I have! Maybe I'll have to drop you and let you hike it a ways into Salem to that trolley, old man. I don't want to buy gas in Salem. I can get it for less at the lake."

Billy assented with a grin, even though he didn't much relish being left on a road he didn't know. Mother didn't like to have him ask for rides, unless it was somebody he knew. "Salem *has* a trolley, hasn't it?" he asked.

"Sure."

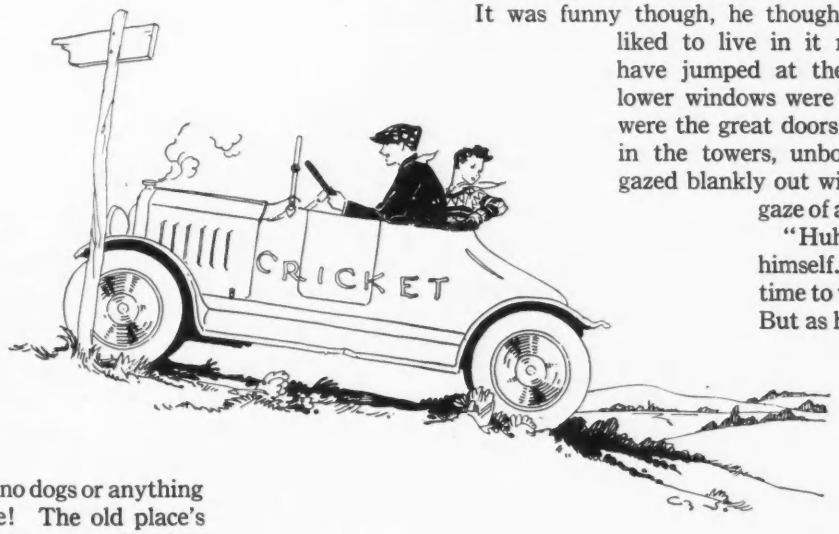
"Then I can make it."

"Course you can. I'm sorry this had to happen." At a junction of four roads, George slowed down. "Here you are. I'll tell Skippy about that stamp you want. I'll remember—the Lindbergh one. He's got *two*."

He opened the door of the Cricket just as a farm wagon slowed down to pass them, a shaggy dog barking on its seat beside a pleasant-looking man. "Say," George hailed the farm-cart, "are you going Salem way? Here's a boy who wants to get to the trolley."

The man pulled rein and nodded. "Goin' part way," he said. "Give you a lift as well as not."

So there was Billy sitting beside the dog and the Cricket disappearing into the distance! They went a long way, winding about and about. They didn't talk much. After a while, the farmer stopped at another crossroad. "Here you go," he announced. "I go 'tother way. Now, if you're headed for the Salem trolley Son, you just go straight along, mind—no turns! Then you come to a pine wood—see? You go along. Then you come to two stone posts leading into the old Laverne Place—lions on 'em, you can't miss 'em—you turn in. Ain't no dogs or anything to bother there! The old place's been tight shut for years. You just go up the drive, and when you git to the house, there's a path across fields. You go straight along, and you'll meet that there Salem trolley sure as my dog's name is Buster!"



Billy turned up the road, whistling to keep himself company. It was lonely, but he remembered that when Byrd was a lad, *he* went all around the world *alone!* He thought of Lindy, too, on the great adventure—did *he* have company?

A red squirrel scolded from a branch. The wind played a lonesome melody in the branches of the tall pines in the pine wood; a hawk soared overhead with a cry; a little green gartersnake wiggled across the muddy road. Then Billy caught sight of a brown hare. It jumped and ran. A tiny warbler hidden in leafage sang a lovely song. On Billy tramped, till suddenly, he found himself, at a bend of the road, facing two granite posts either side of a disused driveway. Two imposing stone lions guarded a heavy iron chain strung double between the posts. The overgrown drive led through a long avenue of pines. He could not see where it led—there was not a glimpse of the old Laverne Place!

Billy bent double under the chain. On all fours, he regarded the tangle. It reminded him, in its overgrown wildness, of pictures of Sleeping Beauty's wood in the picture book Dad gave him when he was little. Yes, it *was* like the road to some castle! He picked his way, wondering what this old Laverne Place must have been like once-upon-a-time! Billy imagined himself a knight in shining armor going to rescue somebody imprisoned in a castle. It was fun to think about, only such things didn't happen *nowadays!*

Then the road turned, and there stood Billy gaping with astonishment. It was a real castle, a great gray stone castle, towers and everything! It was as near a *real* castle as he had ever seen, even though it had no moat and really was just an imposing old country residence, forsaken now. Its road probably went by many turnings toward Salem.

It was funny though, he thought, that nobody liked to live in it now—he would have jumped at the chance! The lower windows were all boarded; so were the great doors. Upstairs and in the towers, unboarded windows gazed blankly out with the unseeing gaze of a deserted home.

"Huh!" said Billy to himself. "Guess I have time to walk around it." But as he started across the lawn, he heard—he *did* hear—a loud knocking somewhere! It sounded as though it came from inside the house. Somebody was pounding on the heavy oak door and calling, "Help!"

"What's the matter?" Billy tiptoed over the muddy gravel and up the stone steps where some-

[*Continued on page 410*]

BURIED-TREASURE HOUSE

By ELEANOR HAMMOND

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

Mab and Gerald are visiting their old friends, Captain Jerry and Aunt Martha Thompson, at Bayside. The only thing which mars their happiness there is the discovery that the old couple are too poor to buy many things they need. The children have discovered a little old house out among the sand dunes and find it once belonged to Captain Jerry's dead brother. "Brother Willie" had strange ways and was rumored to have a "fortune" hidden in his house. The children gain permission to carry on a treasure hunt in the half-buried old house. They find a cupboard containing all sorts of curiosities in the place, and Mab discovers a small wooden box which jingles as if it held money. They try to get it open, but it is a Japanese puzzle box and they have not yet succeeded. They are interrupted by a queer noise under the deserted house. They are piling the spilled contents of the curio cupboard hastily in place to leave with the "money box" when Mab notices that the box has been taken from the window sill where Gerald set it a minute before.

PART V

1. RIGHT UNDER EVERYBODY'S NOSE

MAB and Gerald looked at each other and at the empty window sill.

"We can't let it be taken like that—the money box that's going to make Captain Jerry and Aunt Martha rich and happy!" Mab cried excitedly.

"I should say we can't!" and Gerald moved toward the door.

Their hearts were beating hard. It was all very well to say fine brave things about recovering the treasure box—but when you don't even know how big the thief is and how far he has already run with his booty, you are entitled to feel a little nervous about catching him.

There was a step on the front porch—a heavy man's tread.

Gerald stopped and Mab clutched his hand. "It's—the thief!" she whispered. "He's coming right in here to see if he can find anything else! Let's hide!"

But before they could move, a burly voice came to their ears.

"Down in the diving bells at the bottom of the sea,
All the little mermaids, pretty little mermaids,
all came courting me!" the voice boomed.

"It's Captain Jerry!" There could be no mistaking that song! Mab laughed suddenly and Gerald dashed to open the door.

"Ahoy, mates!" the old captain roared. "Supper is getting cold in the galley and the cook is threatening to quit the ship!"

"Oh dear! We forgot all about supper!" Mab cried.

Then she gave another extra squeal. Captain Jerry had the money box in his hand.

"I picked it up off the window sill!" Captain Jerry admitted. "I came and looked in at you—but, blow me, if you weren't too busy with the cupboard to notice me!"

"Then it's *safe!*" both children cried joyfully. "The money is safe!"

Captain Jerry looked at the little chest in his hands. "Money?" he said inquiringly.

"Of course! Rattle the box and listen to it!" Mab cried.

The captain shook the treasure box and listened to the jangle of metal within. "Does sound like coins!" he admitted. "But I don't figure it's any very valuable sort of money or Willie would have spent it long ago!"

"Perhaps he wouldn't! We haven't looked inside yet—we couldn't get the box open!" Gerald explained.

"Of course, it's money—and any sort of money's worth *something!*" Mab insisted. "But let's not stop to open it now—Aunt Martha doesn't like for us to be late for meals! Let's wait till we get to the

house, and then she can have the fun of seeing the treasure box opened, too! It'll be like all finding it together!"

Captain Jerry agreed in his booming voice, and they shut the door of the buried house behind them and plodded across the dunes toward Aunt Martha's waiting supper.

Captain Jerry carried the heavy little box in his coat pocket and they talked as they went of the happenings since Mab and Gerald discovered the little old house.

"Well, you've had a great time hunting for treasure there, anyhow!" Captain Jerry said.

It annoyed Mab a little that he didn't take their discovery of the money box more seriously. Could he know for certain what was in it? But Captain Jerry insisted he had never seen the contents of the box.

Gerald was still thinking of the noises they had heard in the buried house that afternoon. He described them to Captain Jerry. "I suppose you must have made them?" he asked.

Captain Jerry shook his grizzled head. "I was on the porch just a minute before you heard me!" he said. Then he laughed. "I guess I know what it was you heard, though. Skunks under the house! They love to get into a place like that and they have a funny way of patting with their paws or tails—downright creepy, if you don't know what's doing it! There's lots of skunks out among the dunes there!"

Gerald laughed, too. "I told you I smelled something like skunk!" he reminded Mab.

"That *wasn't* what I smelled!" his sister cried indignantly. "I'm sure what I smelled was something in that drawer under the cupboard—where the big lump of gray wax was! It was a funny smell—but sort of nice—a little like some sort of perfume or spice!"

"Well, a very little skunk smell isn't a bad smell!" Gerald insisted. "Daddy told me once ancient people used to use musk for perfume and think it was wonderful—and it's sort of like skunk!"

"I suppose it must be so—if Daddy said so!" Mab admitted grudgingly. "But I shouldn't like skunk for perfume—no matter how faint the smell was!"

"Likely you wouldn't care for ambergris for perfume, either!" Captain Jerry laughed. "But all the best perfume has ambergris in it—the whalers can't bring in enough ambergris to supply the perfume makers!"

"What's 'ambergrease'?" Mab asked curiously. "Is it anything like my amber beads?"

"Not a bit like them!" The captain laughed. "It's stuff out of sick whales and it has a musky smell and they can't make first class perfumes without it. They use it for what they call a 'binder'—to make the other sweet-smelling stuff in the perfume keep its odor just right."

"Have you any?" Mab inquired. Captain Jerry had such a number of curious things about his house—little full-rigged ships and cuckoo clocks and great pink-lined shells and small Alaskan totems—that it seemed quite possible he did have some! "I'd like to smell it!"

The old captain laughed amusedly. "Ambergris!" he boomed. "If I had a piece as big as your hand, I'd be a rich man—it's worth about twice its weight in gold, it's so scarce!"

They were nearly to Aunt Martha's door now, and the word "gold" reminded Mab and Gerald pleasantly of the money box, jingling along in Captain Jerry's pocket.

"Let me carry the treasure box and give it to Aunt Martha!" Mab begged. "I want to see how happy she is—when she knows she has lots of money now!"

Aunt Martha's face did brighten as she met the eager children at the door. "Bless your hearts!" she cried, as Mab thrust the money box into her hands. "Think of your wanting to find money so as I could have it!" Her eyes grew suddenly damp and she whisked the end of her clean apron across them.

"Let's open it! Do you know how? It *has* money in it!" Gerald urged her.

"Let me see—it seems as if I once knew how! I've seen that box of Willie's before!" Aunt Martha said.

They stood about the kitchen table breathlessly as the old lady worked with the combination of the puzzle box.

Suddenly Mab gave a delighted squeal. "It *is* full of money! Gold money!" Aunt Martha had found the panel that hid the tiny key and inserted it in the lock. A heap of yellow coins tumbled out on the table.

Captain Jerry patted Mab's shoulder with his big rough hand. "Not gold, honey," he boomed kindly. "Brass! Chinese yen—you could buy the box full for a quarter, likely!"

And they were yen—every one of them—the sort Mab had seen tied to fan handles and strung for curtain ornaments, yellow brass coins with a square hole in the middle of each.

Mab's eyes overflowed and even Gerald had to bite his lip hard.

It was a tiny bit consoling that Aunt Martha and Captain Jerry didn't seem to feel any disappointment. "It would have been a miracle if Willie had had a copper cent in his house!" Aunt Martha said cheerily.

"But we did so want to find some treasure for you!" Mab sobbed. "We wanted Captain Jerry to have a car to drive up the beaches to sell his crabs and clams and fish; and we wanted you to have a brand new coat and—and—to have your phonograph all paid for, so the collector couldn't take it away!"

"There, there!" Aunt Martha clucked like a motherly hen. "Come and have some of the nice clam fritters I've made for you!"

But supper was a rather sad meal, in spite of Gerald's favorite dish. Even Captain Jerry's offer to tell the children a story afterwards did not make Mab smile, though the story was full of her favorite mermaids and coral caves and shipwrecked sailors.

"So the beautiful mermaid gave the poor young sailor a box full of gold to take home with him—" the captain related.

"Don't!" Mab interrupted. "Don't say anything about boxes of gold! It makes me feel too awfully sorry—"

The captain hesitated.

"Let the mermaid give him something less valuable!" Gerald, who was eager to go on with the tale, suggested. "Silver or—what was that stuff you told us was worth two or three times its weight in gold?"

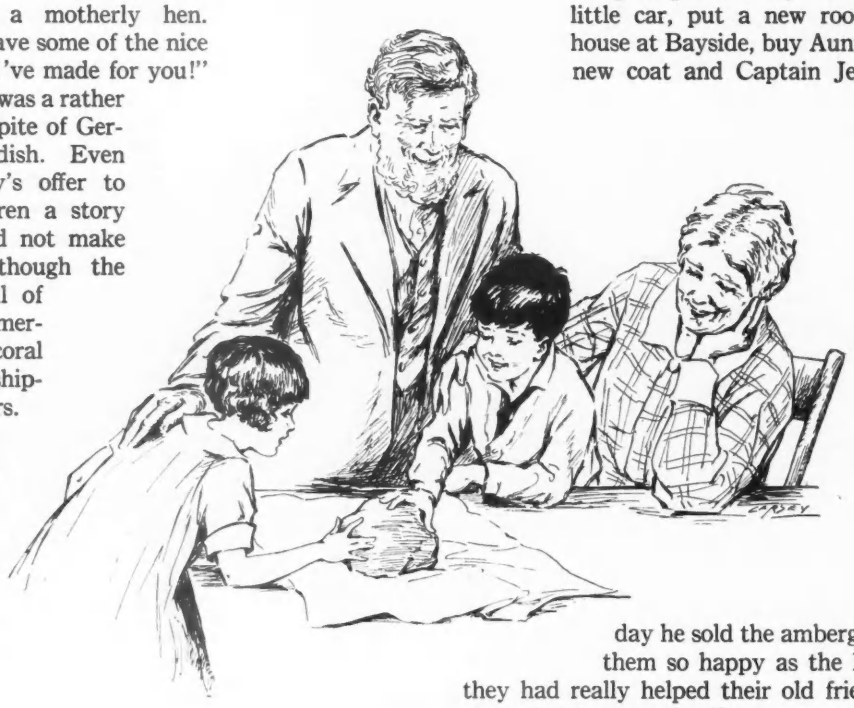
"All right, shipmates!" Captain Jerry agreed. "The mermaid gave the sailor a lump that looked like nothing but strange smelling gray wax—but it was really precious ambergris—"

"A lump of gray wax!" Suddenly Gerald had sprung to his feet and his eyes shone. "Gray wax—that smelled musky and queer! Is that what *ambergris* looks like?"

Mab's eyes seemed to kindle from her brother's. "Then we did find a treasure for you!" she cried. "It's in the little drawer under the curiosity cupboard in the buried house—a great big lump! And that's what I smelled when I looked in! Twice its weight in gold—why, it's a great big lump of ambergris!"

And it really was precious ambergris. Aunt Martha, like most people, had never seen any and simply took it for wax, just as Mab and Gerald did later. If any of the summer renters of "Brother Willie's" cottage had pried into the drawer, they had made the same mistake.

So there it was waiting, "right under their very noses," as Aunt Martha said, for Captain Jerry to sell. If its sale didn't make the old captain and Aunt Martha "fabulously wealthy," at least it did bring Captain Jerry the much needed little car, put a new roof on the little house at Bayside, buy Aunt Martha a fine new coat and Captain Jerry a radio as well as a phonograph, besides leaving a comfortable balance in the savings bank for "a rainy day."



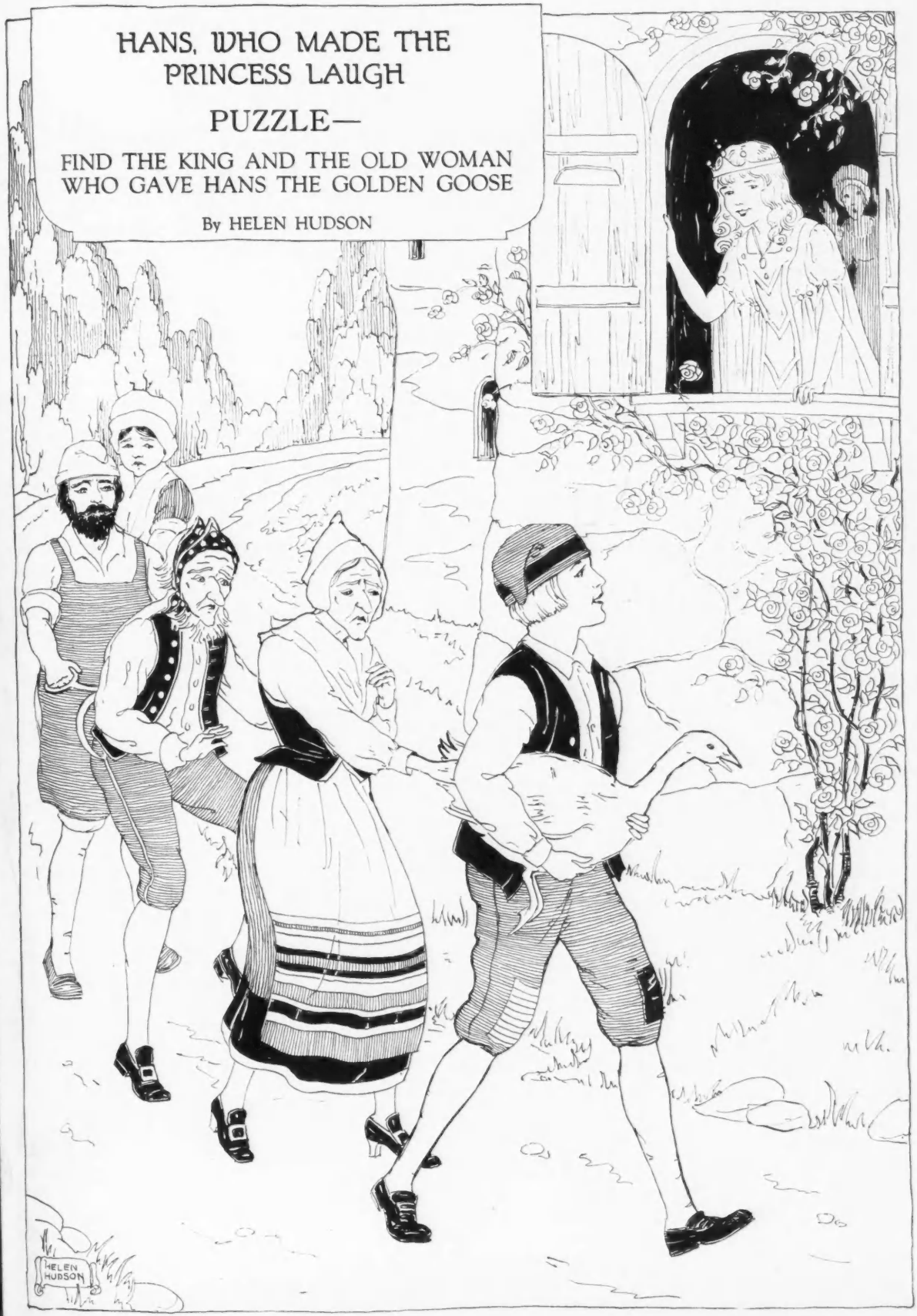
And even the shining round ten-dollar gold piece each that Captain Jerry insisted on giving to Mab and Gerald the day he sold the ambergris didn't make them so happy as the knowledge that they had really helped their old friends by finding a genuine treasure for them. THE END.

HANS, WHO MADE THE PRINCESS LAUGH

PUZZLE—

FIND THE KING AND THE OLD WOMAN WHO GAVE HANS THE GOLDEN GOOSE

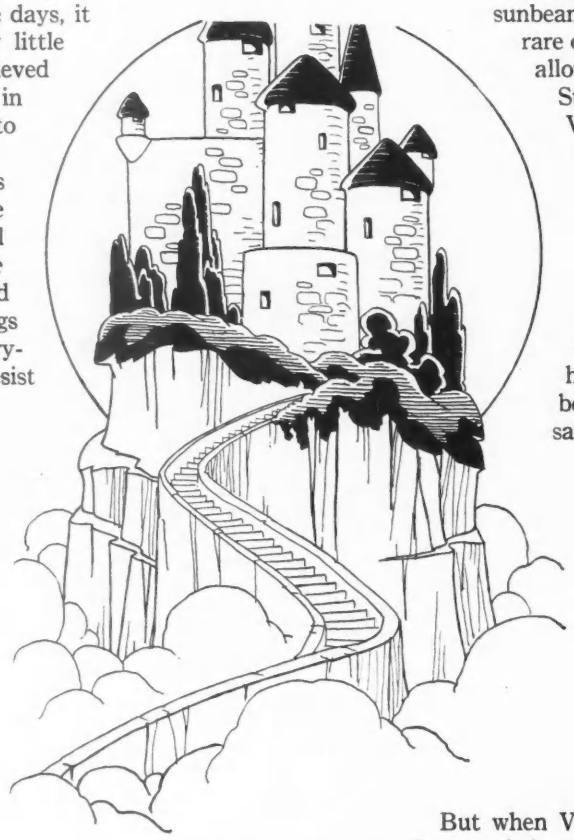
By HELEN HUDSON



THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T BELIEVE

By ROBERTA WAYNE

IT ALL happened in that long ago when the fairies were busy little creatures to be found everywhere on earth doing errands that were very important and could be spoken of in whispers. And in those days, it is said, that every lonely little child, especially if she believed in fairies, was apt to meet in her garden a fairy child to keep her company.



One day little Esther was lonely, so lonely that she wished for a playmate; and because the wish was made just at that moment and not the next, it took wings and flew straight to Fairyland. No one could resist Esther's plea and the fairy, Princess Violet, came. As she alighted softly in the violet bed she quickly unfastened her wings and wrapped them up in a tiny bright ball and put them in her pocket.

What Esther saw was a little girl of her own age standing fair and square in the middle of her violet bed.

"Oh, you mustn't step on my flowers, little girl," said Esther politely. "But I'm so glad you've come. I had no one to play with me and just this moment I was wishing for some one."

"I heard you," said the little princess as she stepped from the flower bed into the path, and Esther bent over to raise the crushed violets, but every blossom was standing straight.

"You are not very heavy," said Esther, "for you haven't broken a single flower and when I tramp on them they are all crushed." The little girl looked down at her companion's feet but they looked just like her own and she had no way of knowing that this was a fairy and that her step was as light as the touch of thistledown.

Violet ran up a graveled pathway and tried to make a lot of noise with her shoes so that Esther would think she was a real little girl.

Soon the children were playing together like old friends. Esther showed Violet how to make mud pies and laughed at her because she had never made them before. Of course, the fairy had often enough played games but they had always been played with daisy chains and such things as sunbeams and rainbows, and on very rare occasions the fairies had been allowed to play "Hop on the Stars." Never, never had Violet played with handfuls of mud. It didn't seem quite nice and at first she let Esther do all the digging. Perhaps it was because she had taken off her wings that she suddenly became anxious to soil her pretty hands with the mud cakes, and by her look of joy one could believe that she was having the same fun with them as Esther.

"Now you choose a game, Violet. What do you like to play best at your home?"

The fairy child became dreamy-eyed as she said, "I don't know which I like best—'Hop on the Stars' or 'Cloudy Corners' or 'Slide the Rainbow.'"

"How do you play them?" exclaimed Esther excitedly.

But when Violet tried to explain to her, it sounded very foolish to Esther. She couldn't believe that it would be fun to hop from one shining star to another—it sounded rather risky. And as to wrapping one's self up in a fold of cloud to hide from a playmate—well, it was nonsense; it simply couldn't be done.

"Oh, I don't mean the 'pretend' things. What do you do when you play real games?"

"But the stars are real, and it is great fun to hop from one to another and hide behind them, or wrap up in a cloak of invisibility, so that no one can find you. Haven't you ever tried that?"

Esther was a very practical-minded little girl, and this did not please her at all. She believed in fairies—at least she half believed. They lived far away in a strange country and were queer little creatures that could do almost anything they took it into their heads to do. That was very different from little girls who had always to do just what they were told.

"Come and I'll show you how to play a game," and Violet put her hand in her pocket to get her wings. The pocket was empty. And just at this moment Esther was called indoors by her mother.

Violet was left alone to hunt for her wings. Of course, Esther would have looked all over the flower beds where they had been playing, but Violet didn't think of that. She skipped into the next yard and from there over the fence into the fields and away and away.

When Esther returned, Violet was out of sight and she only remembered then that she had not asked her where she lived and if she would come again the next day.

Then among the violets Esther saw a shimmering ball and picked it up. A pair of gossamer wings unfolded and the little girl fastened them on her own shoulders. In a twinkling she was going upward through the air, making long sweeping curves toward the clouds.

Straight to Fairyland went Esther. At the gateway, as she entered, she was met by a score of fairies who surrounded her and danced with her to the Royal Grotto where the queen was to be found at that hour of the day.

The queen rose and greeted Esther as if she had always known her. "Where is Violet?" she asked, for she knew at once that the wings were those worn that day by the little princess.

Esther told the queen that a little girl by the name of Violet had come to play with her and she must have dropped the wings, for they had not been there before.

"Oh, the naughty, naughty Violet," said the queen. "Surely this will be a lesson to her. She has been told so many times never to take off her wings and always to carry along her cloak of invisibility. And now you see what has happened. She will be frightened and unhappy before we get her back. Go, some one, and send Snack to find her. And be sure that he takes her cloak."

"Yes, Violet talked about cloaks of invisibility and a foolish game of hopping on the stars. I told her that I didn't believe in such things, that nothing could make me believe," said Esther, for she was very matter-of-fact and was proud of it. As she said this she took off the wings and passed them to the queen.

The queen raised her golden wand and with it made a circle in the air. Esther heard a rustling sound like a waterfall. She looked around and asked what it was, but the queen and the fairies had disappeared. She was all alone in the grotto. The water trickled down over the rocks and a great greenish-bronze frog hopped out at her feet. Usually frogs made Esther laugh and she was in the habit of prodding them along with a stick to see them hop, but this one looked around with such a wicked air that the little girl was frightened. The frog blinked its eyes at her a number of times, then gave a big jump and disappeared. Esther still heard it hopping over the slippery stones but it, too, had come under the spell of the queen's wand and was invisible.

"Well, I would never have believed it," whispered Esther, "and I'm not sure that I believe it yet." She ran out of the grotto, hoping to find more fairies, but no one was in sight. Only a huge elephant lumbered toward her. He came up close, bowed, kneeled and with his trunk he helped her to mount into the little seat on his back. He then rose clumsily and departed.

Esther wasn't the least bit frightened. She could see the elephant and touch him and she was never

afraid of things that she could see and touch. It was very exciting to ride on the swaying back of the big animal that bumped her at every step.

"This is very nice, indeed, Mr. Elephant, but I always like to know where I am going before I get there."

The elephant raised his trunk in an upward curve, then trumpeted fiercely. Esther could have no doubt but that he was impatient at her question. The huge animal began to run straight through a gateway and into a thick fog that hid them completely. Mile after mile the elephant raced at breakneck speed and when he stopped it was done so quickly that Esther flew over his head and found herself on the lowest step of a great stairway that led up and up and up. She turned to see what the elephant was doing, but it had disappeared.

Esther began the long climb upwards, pausing occasionally to look back, for from that point she could see far away to a lake bordered with palm trees and on the lake glided boats with fantastic sails like gorgeous butterfly wings. In another direction was a meadow where fairy creatures danced under blossoming trees, but just at the moment when Esther made out for certain that they were dancing fairies, a veil of mist fell upon them and the whole scene was blotted out.

"Everything seems to disappear in this place," said Esther aloud. "Even my old elephant must have carried a cloak of invisibility. If I were not so sensible I'd almost believe those fairy stories about magic wands and invisible cloaks and seven league boots and things like that. But there is a trick in it and I'm not going to be fooled into believing such things."

"But don't you think you are rather foolish?" Esther turned to find a small boy walking beside her up the steps.

Esther laughed. "I'm not sure that I want to talk to you. If I ask you a question and want an answer to it, you'll be gone. Have you a cloak of invisibility?"

"Of course," answered the boy. "We all have."

"Let me see it. Will you give it to me in my hands for a moment. Then perhaps I will believe."

But the boy only looked at her in surprise. "Why, of course not. We are not allowed to do that. You must believe without seeing. That's the rule here."

"Well, I don't like the rule."

The boy came closer. "Esther, you are a very, very silly girl not to believe. You'll spoil half your own fun that way."

The door at the top of the steps swung wide and a funny little fat butler bowed them into the hall. Esther saw within a great dining room and the queen, followed by all the fairies, was going toward the table. Esther and the boy joined the procession. The queen had a little girl by the hand and Esther saw with surprise that it was Violet. The little princess was talking very fast as she told the queen all the strange things that had happened to her after she lost her wings. And she had hunted and hunted for them for hours and had given up in despair when Snack came and rescued her.

"Oh, I will never do such a thing again. I have made so much trouble. And it is all my fault that Esther is here. What will we do with her?"

"We shall see," said the queen. "We must all try to make her happy. Everything will be all right if she will only learn to believe in us."

Each guest was shown to a chair by the fat and smiling butler who called out the names of one after the other. Esther watched eagerly, hoping that there would be a place for her.

"The little girl who won't believe!" announced the butler and all the fairy children whispered, "That's you, Esther."

By this time Esther was beginning to think that she was very clever because she didn't believe in fairies. She smiled as she went to the seat pointed out to her and the smile seemed to say, "No, I don't believe in any of you. You are not real at all."

On the long table there was no sign of food, yet the fairies put their hands to their plates and whatever they desired appeared there. There were oranges and apples and large juicy pears, cakes and custards and tarts.

Esther felt herself nudged by the small boy again. "Don't be a goose, Esther. You must believe it and wish for something or you will go hungry.

[Continued on page 410]

BURIED TREASURE IN WALES

[Continued from page 377]

was Grandfather who had come for them.

They hurried through a secret passage that ran down under the walls and up near the gate. Grandfather had been hunting for them, and had brought the guard back to search the castle.

"You gave me the scare of my life," he began, and then he stopped to laugh at the strange sight the children presented. From the armor odd sounds escaped as if it were about to burst. Grandfather rubbed his eyes.

"Where am I?" he asked. "Are we back in the middle ages?"

"Don't look so funny," Will urged, raising the vizor of his helmet for air. "Don't make me laugh or I'll burst."

Grandfather chuckled. "Where did you get the trappings?"

"We found them in a secret place," Ruth told him, "I think they must be the treasure."

"No doubt," the guard answered. "Some lady of the castle must have put them there for safekeeping when the castle was attacked, and was never able to return for them."

"I guess her children's toys were worth more to her than her jewels," Ruth said thoughtfully.

They helped the guard repack the chest so that he could keep it in the castle. "You've given the mothers of Carnarvon a story to tell their children for years to come," he said gratefully, unlocking the gate for them.

And Ruth and Will, glad to regain their freedom, smiled up at the towers standing safe against the sky.

MUSTACHES

By AILEEN FISCHER

I THINK faces look too bare
Unless whiskers grow on there.
I am very sure I would
Have a mustache if . . . I could!

How Mary made her own birthday party dessert

Mary was nearly eight years old—and was planning a birthday party.

"What shall we serve special for dessert?" asked her mother.

"Oh, I know!" said Mary. "Let's have moulded Wheatena with fruit. I just love it—and the other girls will, too. And mother, I want to make it myself."

On the evening before the party—this is how Mary made her dessert.

Into a deep saucepan, she poured 7 cups of water and 1 teaspoonful of salt. After it had come to a racing, foaming boil, she added 1 cup of Wheatena—*so slowly that the boiling never stopped.*

Mary let the Wheatena cook for 2 minutes or so and then poured it into 8 small moulds. These she placed in the ice box to get good and cold over night.

When time for dessert came, Mary took out the Wheatena moulds and covered each with sliced bananas and cream.

"How perfectly delicious!" exclaimed Mary's little guests. And they asked Mary to give them the recipe. Why not ask your mother to let you make some moulded Wheatena with fruit?

* * *

Wheatena—as most mothers know—is the delicious sun browned wheat cereal that Doctors have recommended for nearly 50 years. Served hot or cold—with or without fruit—it makes one of the most nourishing and delicious breakfast dishes you can serve your family.

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. . . but never should his health

Sail Away

A CHILD has faith in everything that touches his small world. Faith in the ship he sails—faith in the foods put on the table for him to eat.

Headache, indigestion, listlessness, lips cracked and smarting, no gain in weight, the same marked height on the wall month after month—these are sure signs that his faith is being imposed upon in some way.

It is possible for a child to be in ill health without his parents' knowing it. They can be too used to his pallor and quiet ways! But a mother can ask herself: Is he getting a quart of milk in some form every day? Is he getting cereal every day? And one raw vegetable, and one cooked vegetable besides potatoes? Is he getting four meals, or their equivalent in amount, every day? For if not, then ill health at least threatens him. For without these foods, among other good foods, and without enough of them, he cannot be obtaining the minerals and vitamins required by his tissues and blood.

A delicious flavor for these mineral-vitamin foods is sugar. It is so big a help in seasoning that it can be used to advantage in a variety of servings.

Children will eat more cereal if they can have it with a little sugar. They will eat more fruit, if they can cut the harsh fruit acid with a little sugar. They will consume more milk if some of the day's quart can be made into custard, egg-nog, ice cream, and other acceptable desserts. They will even eat more vegetables if these are cooked with a sprinkling of sugar, to banish the blandness of their flavors.

Try new peas with a little sugar. The small amount called for in this recipe will not make them taste sweet, but it will greatly improve their flavor.

Cook one quart in as little boiling water as possible, with ¼ teaspoon salt and one level teaspoon sugar. Most of the water should evaporate in the cooking. When tender, serve covered with one teaspoon butter, ½ teaspoon salt.

TRY FLEMISH CARROTS: Scrub 18 young carrots, and slice lengthwise into very thin strips. Melt six tablespoons butter, add the carrots, one level teaspoon sugar, one teaspoon chopped parsley and a little salt. Cover and let simmer till tender, about twenty minutes, turning frequently with a spoon. Add ½ cup cream, stir well, heat, and serve.

Good food promotes good health. The Sugar Institute, 129 Front Street, New York City.

CAUTIOUS CREATURES

Third Wild Animal Contest

RULES

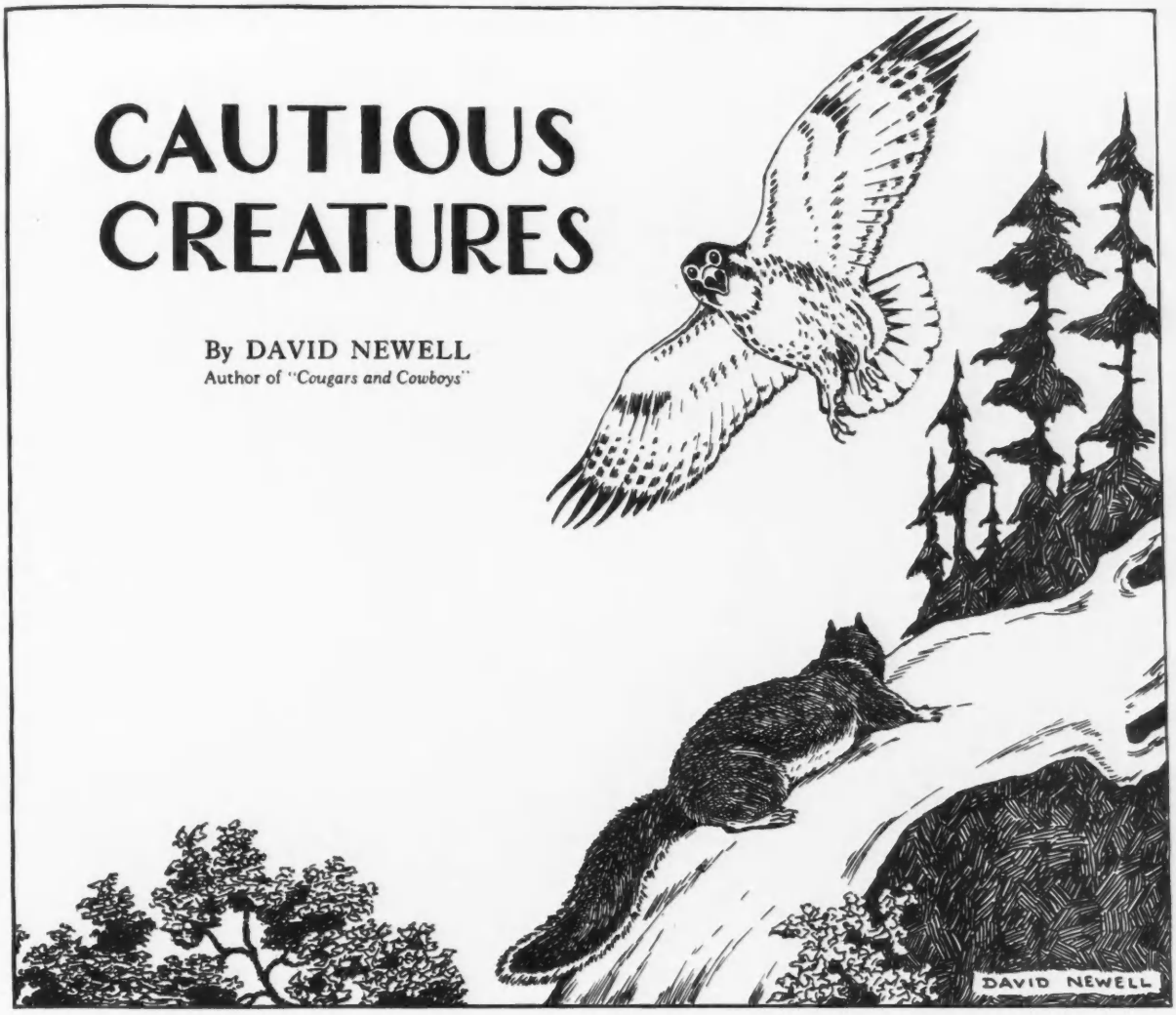
ON THE following page you will find a story and picture of "Gray Squirrel," the first of six stories and pictures about animals to be published in the Third Wild Animal Contest, which David Newell, the well-known artist-naturalist, is conducting for the readers of CHILD LIFE. Choose three of the animals in the contest and write a story about them. This story must not be over five hundred words in length and should include what you have learned about the way each of the three animals escapes its enemies, where it lives and what it eats. In reading of "Gray Squirrel" you have found that some of his natural enemies are hawks, owls, foxes, weasels and wild cats, and you have learned that he knows pretty well how to take care of himself.

There will be eight prizes for the best stories. The first prize will be a pet puppy and an autographed copy of David Newell's interesting new book, "American Animals." The second prize will be autographed copies of "Cougars and Cowboys" and "American Animals," both by Mr. Newell; and the six next best stories will be awarded copies of the animal book.

When the contest is concluded (the last story and picture of the contest will appear in the January issue), send your stories to David Newell, care CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill., before January 12, 1930. You do not have to buy CHILD LIFE in order to enter the contest. Copies may be read at our office or at nearly all public libraries.

CAUTIOUS CREATURES

By DAVID NEWELL
Author of "*Cougars and Cowboys*"



THIS furry little gray squirrel is in danger and he knows it. As a rule he sees everything that there is to see, for his little black eyes are mighty sharp, but this time he was so busy dashing around on an old stump that he failed to notice a wee speck in the sky above. A wee speck in the sky proved to be an old hawk who was out looking for just such careless squirrels. You and I have enough trouble seeing a gray squirrel when he is flattened out on the limb of a tree over our heads, but this old hawk can see the least movement from hundreds of feet in the air!

So down he swooped! Just in time gray squirrel discovered his enemy, and he dodged swiftly around the trunk of the old stump. Now the hawk has had to turn, and gray squirrel is ready to dart under the stump again. This time he'll leap madly into the leafy trees below, and once there he will be safe.

If gray squirrel had seen the hawk at first, he would have flattened out and stayed as still as a knot, for although hawks have marvelous eyes, they rarely see anything unless it is moving. In fact, this is true of most birds and animals. Gray squirrel knows this instinctively. But if he had been nosing around on the ground for acorns, and had seen a fox, what would he have done? If he remained motionless, of course the fox probably would not see him at all. And yet in such a case, gray squirrel would scamper up the nearest tree as fast as he could go. Why? Well, squirrels know that hawks hunt by sight and that foxes hunt by scent. Even a blind fox would be dangerous, for while a fox has keen eyes, he trusts to his sharp nose most of the time. The same is true of wild cats, weasels, and many other of gray squirrel's enemies. And gray squirrel knows this. He knows, also, that he is safe from foxes and wild cats if he can dash up a tree, but that weasels can climb as well as he can and are dangerous anywhere. He knows that owls are like hawks, and can be fooled easily, if seen in time. All these things he knows instinctively from the time he is old enough to leave his mother and take care of himself.

(For contest directions, see preceding page.)

Hold School in Your Own Home

THOSE eager, seeking years when youthful minds are groping . . . then is the time to start the child aright, laying a sound foundation for the future. Children of this age are too young to bundle off to school. Many mothers have found a better way . . . a school that comes to them in their own homes.

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Calvert Courses are from Kindergarten—right through to High School. Missionaries, diplomats, business men in foreign lands, cultured parents in this country who wish a *better* training for their children have found these courses equal to those of our best grade schools—superior in many cases.

You owe it to your children to investigate the Calvert Courses—today. You will be surprised at their small cost.

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Please send me full information about your Home Instruction Courses.

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THE CASE OF THE HOME vs REX

[*Continued from page 381*]

sister, he closed his eyes tight that he might not see what appeared to be inevitable.

Then he heard Rex barking away at the top of his voice. No matter what happened, he supposed Rex would have to bark! He opened his eyes in time to see a gold streak leap from the car window, landing in front of the astonished Chub, halting him in his course.

"Bow! Wow! Wow!" barked Rex, snapping at the Airedale's legs. Chub, in terror, faced about and scurried off towards home, pulling his load after him so violently that it upset just as it was drawn from in front of the approaching car, spilling Mary Jo out, rolling her like a ball, into the gutter. There she lay, screaming with fright and indignation.

At the sound of her screams, Tommy caught his breath again. She was alive! His father, by that time, had jumped from the car, leaving it standing in the middle of the street, and was gently lifting his baby into his arms.

"Is she hurt, Dad? You didn't hit her, did you?" panted Tommy.

"No, son, I didn't. But I couldn't have missed her, if it hadn't been for Rex. Why, Chub's scared to death of Rex, Tom!"

"Sure he is! That's why Rex barks at him." Tommy was triumphant.

Mother was there now, reaching for Mary Jo. Rex, no longer needed, turned his beautiful back upon the gathering crowd and, walking to the deserted car, he leaped through the open window and settled himself on the back seat. Tommy was the only one to see him go. Dad was talking excitedly to Mother.

"You have Rex to thank for your baby, Josephine. If he hadn't jumped out and frightened Chub into turning around, or if he'd been a second later—where is Rex, Tom? Let's go thank him!"

It was the night of the trial of the Home vs. Rex. No one could say Tommy didn't have a case now!

Mother was sitting on the davenport between Rex and Mary Jo, hugging first one and then the other. Evidently she had forgotten all about hairs on the furniture. And Rex was shedding badly, too!

Dad was in the kitchen, stirring something on the stove, some kind of stuff made of ground meat and spinach and carrots and cornmeal. A fine thing for a judge to be doing! Tommy lured him into the living room.

"It's the night of the trial, Dad. Had you forgotten?"

"You'll have to get another judge, I'm afraid. I'm no longer unprejudiced."

"Anyway, the plaintiff withdraws all charges," announced Mother, from the davenport. "Oh, you beautiful, lovely, brave thing!"

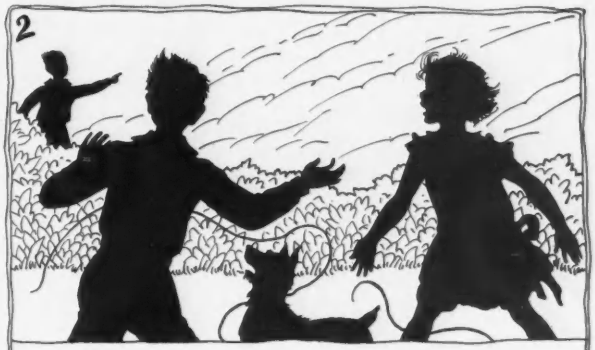
"There's a man in town has a training school for police dogs. I think Rex has earned an education, don't you?"

"Aw shoot!" cried Tommy in disgust. "Now that I've got a chance to win this case, there's not going to be any trial. It's not fair! I guess Rex jumped right out of that car window this afternoon into a home!"

CHIP'S CHUMS

BY MARJORIE BARROWS

Dick and Betsy Ann with their jumping rope were keeping poor Chip on the jump until he was almost at the end of his rope.

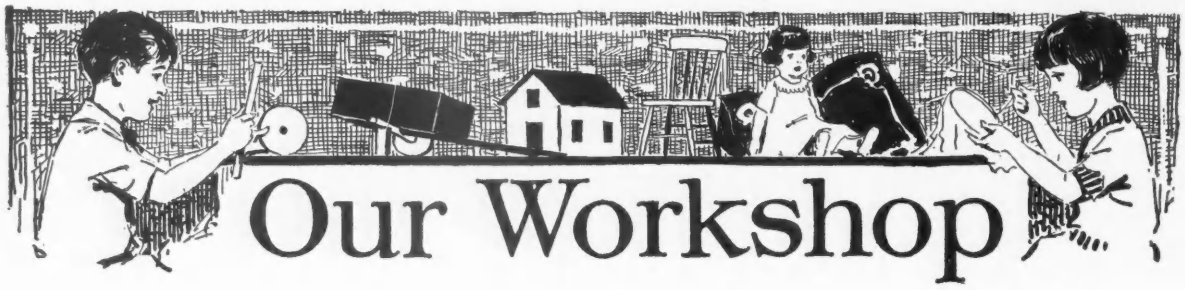


Suddenly they heard Ted cry, "Fire!" and hurried after him to the vacant lot across the way where a bonfire was spreading rapidly.

"Bow, wow, wow!" yelped Chip excitedly, darting across the charred field until he reached Bab, who was taking a nap beneath a tree.

Ted and Dick rushed after him and carried the sleepy baby off the field just before the fire decided to go in that direction.

After the fire was put out they made a clover chain for Chip and gave him compliments and molassas taffy. And maybe he didn't get attached to *that!*



Our Workshop

By A. NEELY HALL
Author of "*Making Things with Tools*," "*The Boy Craftsman*," "*Homemade Toys for Girls and Boys*," etc.

A BACK YARD AIRPORT

BEFORE me are letters from two hundred of "Our Workshop" readers, asking for plans for model airplanes that fly. One girl reader writes, "I am as much interested in aviation and model airplanes as any boy that ever lived." Unfortunately, most models are too difficult for young readers to make. But we are developing a simple model that you will be able to make, and soon I shall show pictures of it and tell how to build it.

Meanwhile, set up a model airport in your back yard. You have toy airplanes for it, I know. You have wooden models that you have built, and you have metal models that have been purchased. Equiping the airport with administration building, hangers, wind indicators, beacons, and other appointments will be fun.

The large illustration (Figure 1) suggests a layout for the model airport. Place the hangers along the back. They can be made of wooden or cardboard boxes, with curved or slanted roofs. Last January's page showed how to build wooden hangers like those shown.

Alongside of the hangers build an administration building. This also can be made of a box, with door and windows cut in the sides. The roof may be flat.

On the roof of the administration building install a beacon. This should be electric-lighted if possible. All it requires is a bulb, and a drop-cord long enough to reach to a light outlet of the porch or basement. If your drop-cord is too short, plug it into an extension cord. A drop-cord with socket and plug is inexpensive.

Figure 2 shows the beacon support. It requires a square block of wood to screw the drop-cord socket to (Figure 3), with a hole bored through the center to admit the drop-cord. Nail four slim sticks to the corners of the block, and nail their lower ends to a corner of the box used for the administration building.

This beacon will give a steady light, but it may be made to flash on and off just as airplane beacons flash, by use of one of the small flasher buttons sold in electrical-supply shops (Figure 4). This flasher button fits in the lamp socket, and is slipped in

OUR WORKSHOP

before screwing the bulb in place. The flashing beacon will show plainly in daylight, but better after dark. If you build your airport near the house, you can turn on the beacon light in the evening and watch the flashing from indoors.

If you can get another drop-cord and bulb, you can place it at one corner of the field for a landing floodlight. But the light is not necessary because you will be playing in daylight.

There must be wind indicators to show the direction of the wind near the ground. They are important because airplanes must land against the wind, not with it. Two forms of indicators are in common use. One is the wind cone, or wind sock, consisting of a conical-shaped bag eight feet long that hangs from and turns on a pole. A model cone is shown upon a hanger roof in Figure 1. Suggestions for making one were given upon our January page.

The other form of wind indicators is the "tee" shown in Figure 1. It has the shape of a plane, with a fuselage 20 feet long and a wing that measures ten feet from tip to tip. The "tee" indicator is pivoted near its wing, to a post, and it swings, always pointing which way the wind is blowing from. At night the "tee" is illuminated from within.

Make the fuselage of your model "tee" indicator of a stick ten inches long, with a stick five inches long nailed across one end for the wing, and a triangular fin fastened to the other end. Pivot the fuselage stick to the end of a short stick, with a nail, and drive the short stick into the ground.

Your airport must be named, and the name should be lettered upon a marker. Use one of Mother's old pie plates or pot covers for the base of the marker. Give it two coats of white paint or enamel, then letter it with black paint. Place the marker on the field, as shown in the illustration.

You might use Christmas tree lamps for boundary lights, and, to elaborate upon the model, you might set up your electric railroad to encircle the airport. If you have a chance to visit a large airport, you will pick up other ideas for your model.

OUR VACATION MODEL PRIZE CONTEST

When you have completed your model airport, write me about it and send some photographs. To the five readers sending photographs and descriptions of the best developed models, I shall mail autographed copies of my book, "Making Things with Tools." This contest closes September 30th.

Walter J. Campbell of Louisville, Kentucky, won first prize in last summer's "Railroad Model Contest." I regret that lack of space prevents the publication of pictures of Walter's excellent model.

The FLAVOR *children* LOVE!

COLGATE'S tastes so delicious . . . it makes toothbrushing really fun . . . makes the habit of oral hygiene quickly formed.

But its tangy peppermint flavor is not the only reason why Colgate's is the ideal toothpaste for children. Colgate's does exactly what dentists expect of a dentifrice. It cleans teeth thoroughly, yet *safely!* It contains no medication which may upset digestion or bowels, no strong antiseptic or harsh abrasives which may injure delicate tissues or enamel.

Colgate's contains the world's greatest cleansing agent. When brushed, this cleansing agent breaks into a sparkling, snow-white foam that sweeps over teeth and gums. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to penetrate into the tiny tooth crevices where decay starts. There, it dislodges clinging food particles and mucin, washing away these impurities in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder—a polishing material used by dentists—which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly.

FREE: To Mothers—This Makes Toothbrushing a Game!

To make children eager to brush teeth, Colgate's has made a game of it. The Colgate Clean Teeth Chart records each daily brushing. And a reward is promised to the child who cleans teeth regularly. This method appeals to the child's play instinct! We will send you a free chart for each child, and a free trial tube of Colgate's to start on at once.

COLGATE, Dept. B 1857, 595 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City

Gentlemen: Please send me "Clean Teeth Charts" and free trial supply of Ribbon Dental Cream for _____ children.

Name_____ Address_____

City_____ State_____

JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

(Continued from page 370)

each other all over again.

Louise looked worried and so did Jim. But Robert stepped forward bravely. "Isn't the password PROPER DIETS?" he asked. "We've just been to the Battle Creek Food Company factory, and learned lots about proper diets!"

The four Vitamin Captains bowed politely. "Right-o!" said A, "but you have to tell what our jobs are, too, you know."

Ruth smiled. "You four protect General Good Health, and we must eat one of the foods you make at every meal," she answered promptly. "Captain Vitamin A—your food helps us to grow. B—your food helps us to grow, too, and gives us pep. C—without your food we get awfully thin. And D—yours keeps our bones nice and hard and our teeth good!"

"All's well—and you two may pass," answered the four Vitamin Captains. "But those two scrawny friends of yours can't come. They don't eat enough of our good wholesome foods!"

"But we will from now on," said Jim quickly, and Louise nodded and skipped joyously when the Captains finally let them follow Ruth and Robert down the road.

Then around the corner came two more little Captains of General Good Health, singing lustily to the same tune the others had used,

"Hep! Hep! Hep!
We watch your step,
For Fats and Carbohydrates
Will give you warmth and pep!"

"We must eat one of your nice foods every meal, too," Robert told them when they stopped him. "My friends and I will always eat them if you let us go on to Castle Good Health."

So Captains Fat and Carbohydrates also let them pass.

Then they came upon four more Captains, who sang,

"We're Captains Iron and Bulk
And Protein and Lime;
Strong bones and rosy cheeks we make
And give you a good time!"

"We'll all eat one of your foods at every meal, too!" promised Ruth and Robert. And they let them pass.

"Oh look," squealed Ruth as they turned a corner in the road, "there's beautiful Castle Good Health now. And jolly General Good Health is waiting by the door!"

"Sorry, but you can't go in here!" exclaimed the General when the four children at last reached the doorway. "Unless, of course, you can name some of the very best foods my captains make!" And the strong happy-looking man stared doubtfully down at the children before him.

Louise and Jim looked anxiously at Ruth and Robert, but they were sailing happily.

"I just had some delicious foods to-day, General," Ruth answered promptly. "They were *so good* and they had everything in them that will make us strong and peppy!"

"Well," the General eyed her steadily; "what were they?"

"Battle Creek Health Foods!" Ruth exclaimed. "And mmm—they were yummy!"

And Robert added, "There was ZO—the crunchy

(Continued on page 416)

THE SECRET OF ROSE ISLAND

[Continued from page 385]

only too thankful to find any sort of shelter. In many places the roof leaked, but there were plenty of dry spots in which to sit and rest.

"Seems funny to think we're really in the house where our great-great-grandfather lived," whispered Miriam.

But John was thinking less of the past than the present. Now he could watch the storm with a greater feeling of safety. "I believe we're having a regular hurricane," he said at last.

Miriam was so relieved to get inside she had not realized how the strength of the wind had increased. Now the old house was actually rocking in the blast. Something tumbled on the roof—a broken limb perhaps. But a moment later there came a rattling sound from the neighborhood of the chimney.

Evidently the top of a chimney in a distant part of the house had been demolished. They could hear bricks or rocks go rattling down the roof to the rain-soaked earth. Together they ran down the hall to locate the falling chimney. Looking through a door they saw a big kitchen which was now in a state of wreckage with the broken chimney and fallen-in roof. Wind drove the rain upon them, forcing them to seek better shelter in the hall.

That terrific gust of wind had marked the height of the storm and a half hour later the rain on the roof was only a soft patter. Presently sunlight streamed through a broken window at the end of the hall and the storm passed almost as quickly as it had come.

"Let's take a look at the tumbled-down chimney," said John.

"My, but I was scared when it fell!" said Miriam, still wide-eyed at the memory.

They entered the wrecked room and picked their way across the damp floor covered with planks and rocks. The chimney had been built of great rocks gathered from the coast. It had weathered a thousand storms, only to fall before this summer blast.

"Strange for it to blow down right while we're here," remarked John, picking up a splintered bit of timber and raking in the mortar and crumbled rocks.

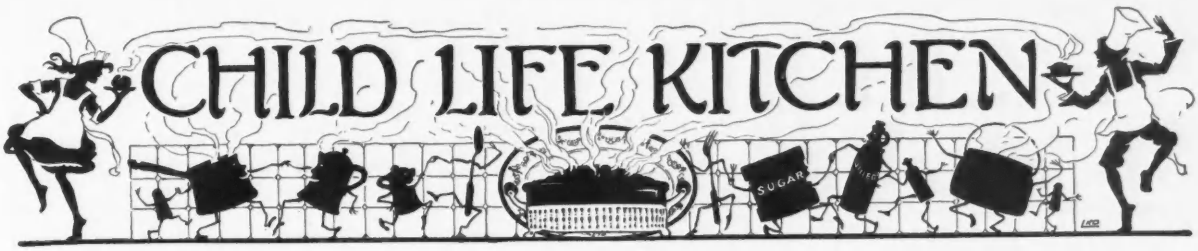
"I guess most of the mortar was worn away and it was ready to tumble."

Miriam spied some old black andirons among the ruins and tried to pull them out. As she did so rocks and dust dropped aside and revealed the corner of a smoke-stained tin box. John saw it as quickly as Miriam and dived into the ruins.

"Must have been hidden in the chimney!" exclaimed the excited boy.

The old box was only about a foot long and half as wide. It was thoroughly smoke-stained; this had evidently protected it from rust. John carried it to a broad window-ledge that had escaped ruin. Here they could see to examine the contents. There was no lock, only a clasp over a hook.

[Continued on page 404]



PEAR HONEY

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of "*Child Life Cook Book*," "*Junior Cook Book*," "*Sewing Without Mother's Help*," "*Jean and Jerry, Detectors*," etc.

WHEN the queen sat in the pantry eating bread and honey, she enjoyed one of our favorite dishes. Try our hardest, we can't think of any food better than bread, especially whole wheat bread with plenty of butter spread thick over it, and sweet clover honey. But that's a dish we cooks can't make. To be sure we could make good bread, and we intend to some day. And if we choose, no doubt we could learn to make butter. But only bees can make honey—so you see, it's very fortunate that the world is full of a number of things. Ever the preparation of food needs people and fruit trees and gardens and bees and much else—everything helps; that's why living is such fun.

But even though we can't make real honey, we can make excellent jams for our pantry and jam is very good with bread and butter, so we have chosen a favorite jam for our lesson this month. We call the recipe "Pear Honey"—not because it is an imitation honey, but because, when it is well made, it has such a lovely honey color and texture, that no other name seems so well suited.

There are many reasons why we choose this particular recipe for our August Child Life Kitchen. The first and most important, of course, is because it is so good that we wanted you to have some. The second is that we like to make jam in August, while vacation gives us plenty of time for cooking. The third is that some of us like to make our own Christmas presents and prettily labeled glasses of homemade jam are welcome gifts for Christmas or any other time of year. Another reason is that some of us belong to clubs and want to earn money; jam making is an excellent business for a Child Life cook. Keep a record of all costs—fruit, sugar, glasses, labels, everything, and then add some money for the work. Divide that total by the number of glassfuls you make and charge that much for each glass you sell. Good homemade jam always finds a market. And then some of us like to make jam for no other reason than that it's fun and that we like to have some of our very own jam in the cupboard for a picnic or to take to school or to serve at a meal which we cook entirely by ourselves. Aren't there a lot of good reasons for jam-making?

As for our choice of pears, we can make pear honey from the earliest little pears that first come into market to the last great "winter pears" that in some markets can be purchased clear up till Christmas time. All varieties make excellent honey, so if you didn't make enough at one time, you are sure to have a chance to make more later. We really prefer to use the hard pears for our honey, though all sorts are good, but it's fortunate we like the hard ones best, as they are least desirable for eating and are almost always in market in the late summer and fall.

Quince jam also can be made by this same recipe, so try it some day for variety. Quinces make a darker jam, not honey-like, but very delicious. A glass of pear honey and one of quince jam, packed together in a small box, make a charming gift, as the colors look nice together and the taste is interestingly different.

For making pear honey we shall need eight or ten ripe pears

CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

of average size (more if they are smaller, of course.) That will make four or five glassfuls—plenty at a time while we are learning. We shall need granulated sugar (either beet or cane), paraffin and jelly glasses. Sometimes you can buy small jam jars that are quaint and pretty. If you plan to use the jam for gifts, look around in the shops a bit and see what you can find. But don't be tempted into buying anything larger than the jelly glass size, as that is the most desirable amount to have open at a time. Then you will want stickers. We use plain labels with red or blue borders, or fancy labels when we can find them. Some cooks make their own labels, designing them in some original fashion and then pasting them to the glasses with library paste. It's fun to experiment some rainy day and see what you can do. Oh, yes, and then the jam we give for Christmas gifts is gaily wrapped in red paper and tied with holly ribbon. But that's a job for Christmas time, not jam-making day, you understand.

For utensils you will need a grinder, a paring knife, a bowl to hold the freshly-ground fruit, two measuring cups, a large saucepan, a large cooking spoon, a soup ladle and a baking pan or tray on which you can set the glasses while filling them.

With all these supplies and utensils assembled on the kitchen table and with a couple hours ahead of us for work, we are ready to begin.

PEAR HONEY

Peel and cut into quarters eight or ten pears of average size. Remove cores.

Run the pear through the grinder, using the coarse cutter. If the pears are so juicy that some juice runs through the grinder, set a bowl on a chair under the grinder so that you can catch this juice and add it to the pulp.

Measure by cupfuls as the pulp comes through the grinder.

Put a cupful of ground fruit into the mixing bowl and immediately add a cupful of sugar.

Grind another cupful of fruit and put it into the bowl.

Immediately add another cupful of sugar.

Continue grinding, pouring the fruit into the bowl and adding the sugar till all the pears are ground. You will notice as you work that the pear pulp will turn brownish if left to stand. We want to keep the lovely pale color, so as quickly as the fruit is ground, we add sugar to keep out the air. Some varieties of pears discolor more quickly than others. If you notice, when you are peeling and coring the fruit, that it is discoloring quickly, stop the work of peeling and grind a cupful of fruit and add the sugar; then peel and grind another cupful.

When the pears are all ground and covered with sugar, measure for measure, take your big spoon and stir gently till the fruit and sugar are well blended.

Set the pan over a low fire for five minutes.

Use this time for washing the glasses and arranging them neatly, but not too closely, on the pan or tray. Glasses should be well washed in very hot water, rinsed in hot water and drained dry without wiping.

When the sugar is well dissolved, increase the heat under the saucepan until the contents begin to bubble.

Boil at moderate temperature for twenty minutes, stirring several times to prevent scorching.

Remove from the fire and take up into the prepared glasses. Ladle with the soup ladle or with a small pitcher.

Cover the pear honey with melted paraffin and set the trayful of glasses aside in a safe place to cool.

Next morning, when they are well cooled, wipe off the glasses, label and put away in the jam cupboard or in your private cupboard where they will be safe and clean till you are ready to use them.

Pear honey (or quince jam, either one) is delicious with hot biscuits, so you will want to plan a menu especially for the new jam. Maybe you will find that this one is just what you want.

MENU FOR AN AUGUST DINNER

Appetizers—Raw Carrots, Radishes
Cottage Cheese mixed with Mashed Berries and Mayonnaise and molded into balls
Meat Loaf with Grilled Tomatoes
Corn on the Cob
Baking Powder Biscuits with Pear Honey
Sliced Peaches Cookies

THE SECRET OF ROSE ISLAND

[Continued from page 402]

"If it is anything valuable it would be locked," said Miriam in disappointment.

"Wonder how long it's been hidden in that chimney," mused John, lifting the lid.

The box was lined inside with asbestos, and filled with old papers that were dry, yellow and brittle. John was afraid to touch them, and wanted to examine the contents after returning to his grandmother's house, but Miriam was too impatient to wait. With slim, careful fingers she lifted the top paper and unfolded it.

"Look—look!" she cried. "There's something about King George and down here—Rose Island."

"It's the long-lost land grant! I bet it's the land grant!" exclaimed John.

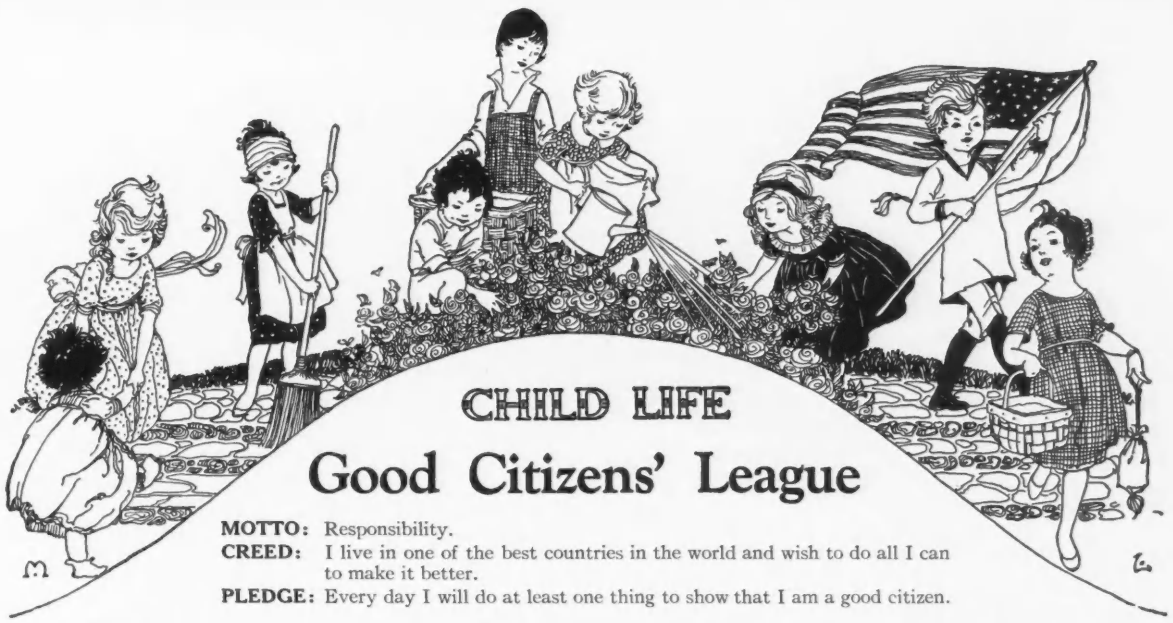
Most of the writing was too dimmed with age for them to make it out, but they read enough to know they had stumbled on the lost deeds that would establish the family's claim to the island.

"Gee, let's hurry and tell Grandmother!" was John's first thought.

"And to think—the first Lancefords to come on the island found this to establish their rights!"

Miriam replaced the paper in the box. She and John went back across the old garden towards the water, making happy plans for the family's return to the island. John carried a five-foot board for a paddle. As they pushed off from shore a beautiful rainbow arched the sky. Miriam settled back on the seat with a little sigh of happiness.

"Isn't it wonderful to think we can come to Rose Island every summer to stay as long as we like?" she said.



CHILD LIFE

Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.
CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.
PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

SOCIAL SERVICE

"MY COUSIN wrote me that their branch league in the city is giving a Child Life play this month to earn money to buy ice for the poor babies," said Miriam, at the first August meeting of the Brocton Good Citizens' League. "I wish we could do something like that."

"So do I," said Elizabeth. "I'd rather act in plays than anything I know, and it would be nice to help the babies. The only trouble is I don't know of any babies in Brocton that need ice."

"Don't be too sure of that," said Miss Bradley, the counselor. "One of the newspapers in the city is raising an ice fund not only for the children within its limits but for the needy ones in the surrounding towns as well. It is asking for contributions from the entire district."

"Let's earn some money for that then," suggested David. "You can have a play in my back yard, and we won't charge pins either. We'll practice till we can do it really well and charge regular money."

"Sure," Bill agreed, "and we can have a lemonade stand out in my side yard, because we're on the corner."

Rehearsals for the plays began at once, and Helen and Grace painted posters to advertise it. The lemonade business flourished, too, the different members taking turns keeping the stand and furnishing the lemonade and cookies. The coins in the little tin box in Miss Bradley's possession grew daily; and when the afternoon came for their play they were surprised to see the large crowd that awaited admission at David's side gate. Their performance was a big success, each member being called before the curtain afterwards, for his share of applause. When the last guest had gone, they held a meeting then and there, still sitting around in their costumes, while the money was counted.

"Five dollars and a quarter from the play," announced Miss Bradley, "besides the four dollars and thirty-five cents you have earned from the lemonade stand. Let me see—that makes—well, with the extra forty cents I'll contribute—you have exactly ten dollars for the ice fund."

"Hurrah!" shouted every member but one. That one was Bill, and he said, "Gee whillikens! Won't it be great to see the name of our branch league printed in the list of contributors?"

"Won't it be great to think we have helped so many babies?" said Miriam. "It's nice to have money to help people. When I get big, I think I'll be a social worker."

[*Continued on page 408*]

AUGUST ACTIVITIES

1. I gathered flowers for some one who had none.
2. I made a scrapbook for a shut-in child.
3. I sent some books or magazines to a soldiers' hospital.
4. I mended some of my old clothes for a needy family.
5. I fixed up one of my old toys for a needy child.
6. I sent some books and toys to an orphans' home.
7. I learned the names of the social agencies in my community.
8. I learned the names of the public institutions in my county.
9. I learned one law my state enforces to protect children.
10. I earned some money to contribute to a public ice fund.
11. I visited a soldiers' hospital or other institution.
12. I helped give an entertainment at some institution.
13. I helped with an entertainment to raise money for some good cause.
14. I was considerate of younger children on a public playground.
15. I helped give some foreign children a good time.
16. I was of service to a foreign man or woman.
17. I was of service to an older man or woman.
18. I was of service to a stranger in our community.
19. I was of service to Father or Mother.
20. I sent a letter or card to a person in a public institution.
21. I wrote a letter or card to a lonely person I thought would like to receive it.
22. I read a poem by Alfred Tennyson, whose birthday comes August 6th.
23. I read a poem (or started a novel) by Sir Walter Scott, whose birthday comes August 15th.
24. I read about Count Leo Tolstoy, whose birthday comes August 28th.
25. I read about Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose birthday comes August 29th.

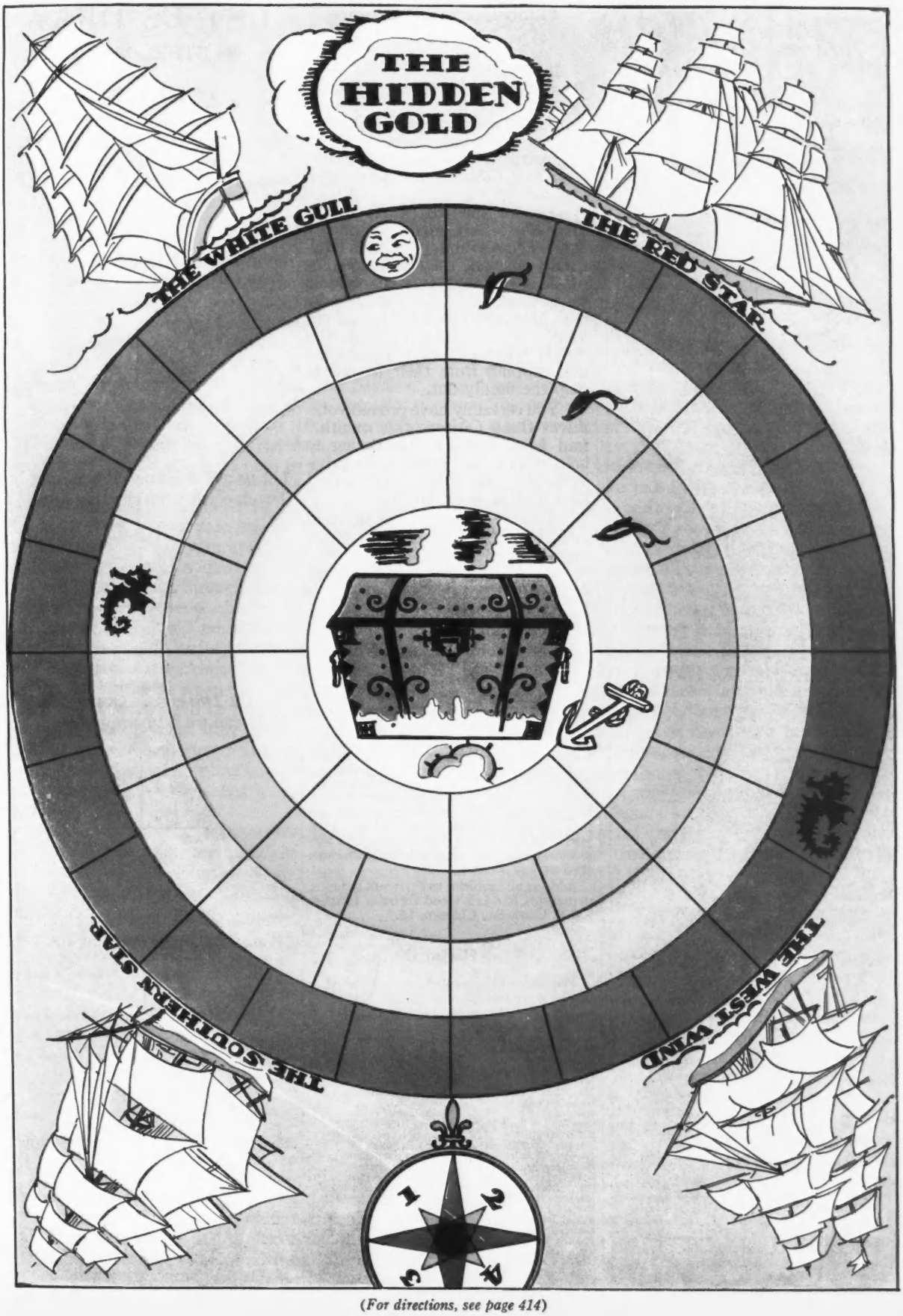
An Honor Point is awarded for each day one or more good citizenship deeds are recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. Although it is desirable to do as many of the good citizenship deeds suggested above as possible, it is not necessary, and *any good deed that you record will count.* At the beginning of the month, write your name and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you can record the date and your deed (or deeds) for that day. Send your August lists in time to reach us by September 5th, if you want to see your names on the Honor Roll. If a grown-up counselor is in charge of a branch league, she may send us a list of the members, with the number of Honor Points each one deserves.

YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

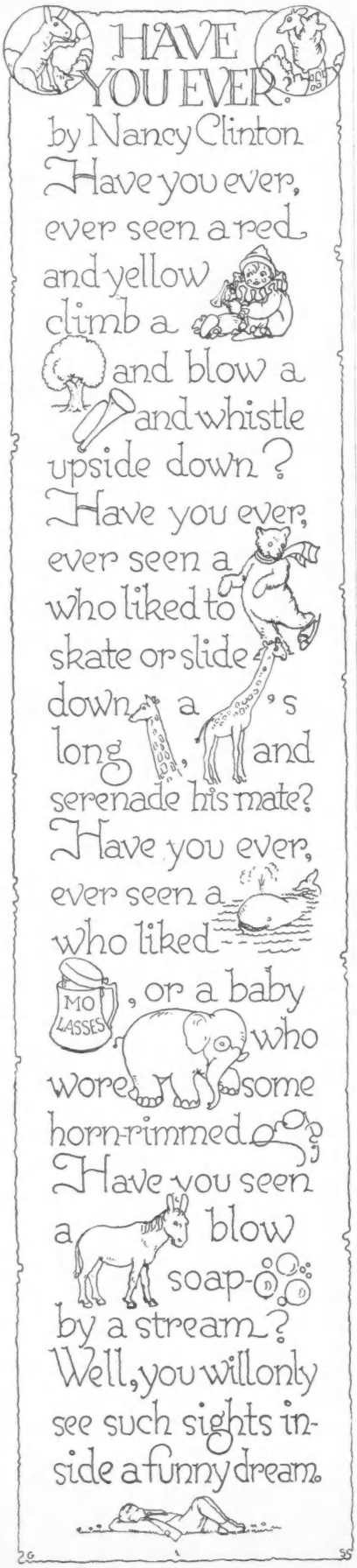
Designed by CHIQUÉT. With patterns.

ANN is having such fun at the seashore, and who wouldn't with cool, comfortable play suits like these? Even Teddy would not mind wearing one. How about you? Are you all ready for your fun at the seashore? Why not have some suits like Ann's?
Pattern No. 6540, 4 sizes—6 months, 1, 2, and 3 years.
Pattern No. 5871, 3 sizes—1, 2, and 3 years.
Pattern No. 6481, 4 sizes—2, 3, 4, and 5 years.

All patterns are 20 cents each from CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago.



(For directions, see page 414)


HAVE YOU EVER?
by Nancy Clinton
Have you ever, ever seen a red and yellow
and blow a
and whistle upside down?
Have you ever, ever seen a
who liked to skate or slide down a
's long
and serenade his mate?
Have you ever, ever seen a
who liked
, or a baby
who wore
some horn-rimmed
Have you seen a
blow soap-
by a stream?
Well, you willonly see such sights inside a funny dream.
MO LASSES

Good Citizens' League

[*Continued from page 405*]

The others agreed, but Miss Bradley reminded them they would not have to wait till they were grown. There was plenty of social service work they could do *now*—and without money, too. In the days that followed they found that she was right, for they gathered flowers for the old people in the almshouse, they made scrapbooks for the boys and girls in a children's hospital, they mended some of their old toys for the children in the orphans' home, they asked a real, grown-up social worker for the name of a needy and worthy family and they collected clothing and supplies from their friends to help the family out.

"You certainly have proved yourselves Good Citizens this month," said Miss Bradley, "in trying to help others have some of the privileges that you enjoy. And now I have a surprise for you."

"A surprise?" asked the boys and girls, as their counselor paused expectantly.

"You have been asked to repeat your play at the Old People's Home and at the Orphans' Home. Do you want to do it?"

"You bet we do," said Bill, and everyone agreed.

League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils of your room at school and shall mail you a handbook and pins for the boys and girls whose names, ages, and addresses you send us.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, Child Life Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

May Honor Roll

The following members earned twenty-five or more honor points during May:

Delpha Allen
Marguerite Anderson
Gerald Barker
Gladys Bodenhamer
Hazel Brown
Frances Bullock
Mary Cerwin
Mary Sue Coleman
Earlene Davey
Geneva Davis
Sara W. De Ford
Ethel Elwell
Dorothy Finkelstein
Dorothy Gabele
Alice George
Lyle Hain
Sally Harrison
Marjorie Hungerford
Donald Johnson
Mabel Johnson
Naomi Jones
Thelma Jones
Viola Kanis
Ursula Kruchan
Rose Kugler
Edna Lake
Gladdie Longbrake
Charles Lucy
Andrew Marteney
Hazel Martin
Jean McNamara
Agnes Nett
Ruth Nett
Dale Poteet
Gail Poteet
Frank Rausch
Joe Rausch
John Remsen
Albert Rice
George Rush
Doris Rognlien
Virginia Sanderson
Helen Lee Scifres
Dorothy Shields
Howard Snyder
Robert Tice
Neva Wade
Vera Wade
Dorothy Webber
Irene White
Maryaile White
Zelna White
Vivian Whitehead
Dorothy M. Williams
Lorenzo Winn

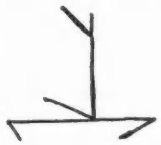
LET US DRAW

By ETHEL M. RICE

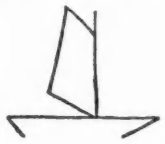
Let us draw these straight lines three,
One point is quite sharp, you see.

Now a long line straight and true,
Take care where you place it, too,

Let us add with pencil fine
Two more, each a slanting line.



Join the two ends. O, my dear!
What can we be drawing here?



Wavy line, now low, now high,
Like a long snake crawling by.

Then two more. Ah, now we know!
It's a sailboat! Come, let's go!

ALL ABOUT SWIMMING

By SID G. HEDGES
Author of *the Boys' and Girls' Books of Swimming, etc.*

OF COURSE, any sort of bathing is good fun, but to be really able to swim is one of the most enjoyable things in the world. And it need not take you very long to learn if you try the right way.

Have you ever seen a dog swimming? If not watch when next there is a chance. The dog lies low in the water, with just his nose held above so that he can breathe, and his legs work backwards and forwards, as if he were running on land. He does not get excited and make a lot of splashing or jump up and down, or try to get his neck up into the air. He just lies low and paddles forward quietly.

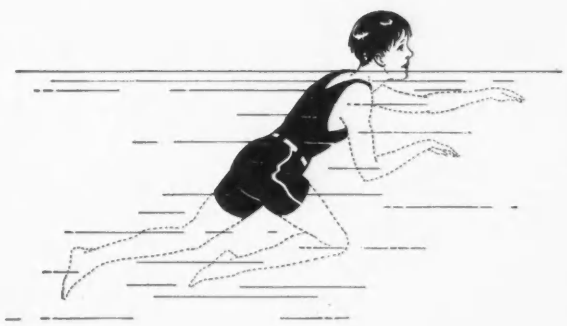
That is just the way in which you can quickly learn to swim—by the stroke called *dog paddling*.

If you have never been in the water before you may still begin to learn it at your very first bathe. But there is no need to start the moment you get into the water. It is a good plan to splash about a lot first of all. You may jump up and down and get used to ducking your head right under. Where the water is only up to your knees you can try lying flat in it, and opening your eyes when they are right underneath. It seems quite queer at first to try and see your fingers through the water when your head is a foot underneath the surface. All this practice, of course, will make you able to hold your breath when you go under, and take away any fear you may have of duckings. And you are sure to have a few duckings when you begin to swim.

By this time you will be feeling quite at home in the water, and so may start proper swimming.

The best way to understand the dog paddle is to think just what you do when you run along the floor on all-fours—for that is nearly the same as dog-paddling.

You can try at first in water that is about up to your waist when you are standing. Lean forward and begin working your hands and legs, one after the other, as in crawling. The fingers must be kept together, so that the water does not slip through them. Each hand is pushed forward in turn, and then is pressed right down underneath the body—just as if you were trying to scoop big handfuls of water from the surface to the bottom.



Remember how the dog does this stroke, and work your own arms and legs at about the same speed.

When you can do this dog paddle fairly well you may begin the next way of swimming—which is called breast stroke. This can be practiced out of the water, by means of a little drill. Someone else can call out the numbers, if you like, while you do the movements. Or you can call *one, two, three, four*, and so drill yourself. But whichever way you try you'll have to stand on one leg, and make the kick with the other—though, of course, in real swimming, both legs go together.

This is the drill:

One—draw up the hands under the chin, back to back, fingers pointing forward. Draw up the leg until its heel touches the other knee.

Two—drive the hands forward until the arms are straight. Kick the foot out sideways until the leg is straight.

Three—do not move the arms. Sweep the leg down until it crashes into the other.

Four—sweep the arms round until they are nearly in line with the shoulders. Do not move the leg.

When you know this drill well, you may go into the water and try the breast stroke there. And when you can swim both dog paddle and breast stroke, you'll have real fun bathing.

The best way to become a really good swimmer is to try to do a longer distance every time that you go into the water, for this makes your muscles strong and helps you to make all the movements properly.

I dare say that you have often wished that you could dive, and you had better learn to do this next. It is splendid fun to go over head-first into the water from a high piece of bank or a diving board. Of course, just at the beginning the bank need not be very high. Just a few inches above the water will do. Stand with your toes over the edge and your arms stretched above your head; then bend forward until you topple over. After one or two tumbles like this you may get more upward spring from your feet, and straighten your body so that you go cleanly into the water without a lot of splash. You fall flat when the legs are not thrown up enough at the start.

Have you ever tried floating? It is not so easy in fresh water, but in the sea nearly anybody can float like a cork if the body is kept in a proper position. Of course, you will try it on a very calm day. First of all, sit on the sand or pebbles where the water is about a foot or two deep. Then lean backwards until your ears are under the water and your body is straight, with the stomach close to the top. Spread your arms and legs out, so that you look like a big letter X, and then, if you keep straight, but not stiff, you will find yourself floating.

Remember never to go for a bathe just after dinner or tea or any other meal. Wait two hours. Also, do not stay in the water until you feel cold. Come out when you are in a fine glow.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T BELIEVE

[Continued from page 394]

And if you are foolish and won't believe, you will be sure to be sent back to earth. How would you like that?"

"Maybe I want to go," said the independent Esther, although she didn't want to go in the least. "I think this is all very childish."

"That's exactly it, my dear," said the queen. "It is childish and in that is the charm. If you will put your hand to your plate I will show you that you have there a fragrant plum. There is also a pomegranate with a center like sparkling rubies."

Esther put her hand forth and grasped the plum. Everybody smiled with happiness. "At last she believes," whispered the princess Violet. "At last she believes," breathed all the fairies with a sigh of relief.

"No, I don't either. There is a trick about it that I don't quite see. I know there isn't such a thing as a cloak of invisibility and even fairies are not real."

Again there came a great rustling sound and everything disappeared, queen and fruit and table and palace. No charmed elephant awaited Esther at any door, for she had no wings.

It was a very small and frightened girl who picked herself up in her own garden, rather tousled after such a long fall. For a moment she was glad to be back, then it seemed as if everything had changed. The garden was very dull and stupid, the flowers were just flowers and some of them faded at that. The blossoming tree at the end of the walk had shadows under it but though she watched it for a long time she found no fairies in the shadows.

And at this she felt very lonely. Even the bronze-green frog would have been very welcome company, but no one came; she had been cast out by the fairies.

"And I didn't even get a chance to taste that plum. How stupid I was!" The little girl sat down on the grass and cried, then made many promises to herself that if she got the chance again she would believe everything.

And if you watch Esther you will see that she searches through her garden every day for wings, wings that will carry her to Fairyland, for she has made up her mind to believe in everybody and everything, whether she can see them or not.

And who can say whether Esther, if she keeps on looking for the wings, may not find them? Some morning, very early, when she is walking along her garden path, having forgotten for the moment all about wings and cloaks of invisibility, she may stumble upon them. For it is surprises like this that the fairies delight in.

BILLY AND A CASTLE

[Continued from page 387]

body pounded at the door.

"Help!" came the voice of a boy through the door. "The door's gone bad on me. The catch is rusty."

First, they could not budge the door, swollen as it was by heavy rains. Then, suddenly, it swung open. It carried Billy with it into a dim passageway so quickly that he lost his balance. He sprawled on the floor at the feet of another boy.

The boy wore a brown sweater and shorts. His hair was dark and tangled. "Well, we did it," he cried. "Look out now—quick! Get that door before it slams!" He made a quick grab at the door swinging back. It banged to, again, the key still outside. They were, both, prisoners!

In the dim passageway, Billy stopped pulling at the door. "We have to get a window open."

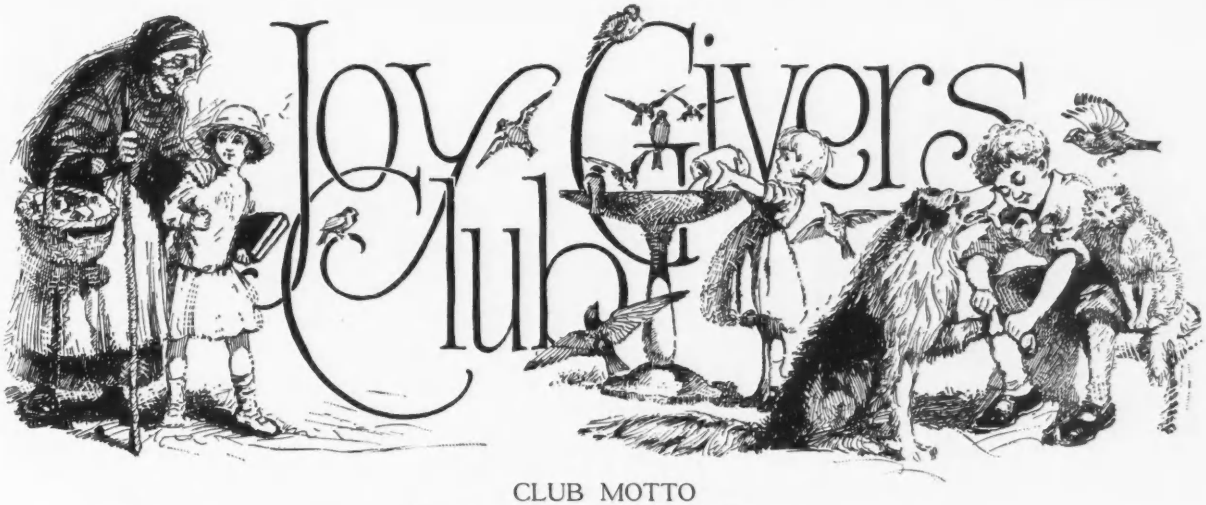
"You're welcome to try it," said the other boy. "Come on up—we'll see what we can do. It's too far to jump out of those windows, and there's no rope!"

At the end of the passageway, a dim light filtered from the great castle hall where a wide staircase led upward to a landing. It was damp and chilly. The great rooms echoed with their steps. "Gee! I guess we are in for it—and I wanted to get *out!*"

"We have to get out," yelled Billy, remembering Gran's birthday party, and his mother's anxiety, if he should stay imprisoned. "If this place does belong to *you*, why isn't there a hammer in it? I can get those windows up—if *you* can't!"

But the other boy only giggled weakly. "I don't mind seeing you do it," he said.

Well, that was *that!* (*To be concluded*)



CLUB MOTTO

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club.

The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about them in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to

CHILD LIFE
CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

ROSE WALDO, *Editor*
536 S. CLARK STREET CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

GOOD NIGHT

Away off in the blue horizon,
With green lakes tinkling by,
Sat a little elf and fairy
Singing a lullaby.

All the stars were shining
And the moon was beaming bright,
The gentle breeze was blowing
A soft and sweet good night.

RUTH ROTHENBERG,
Age 10. New York City, N. Y.

Dear Miss Waldo:

My family and three other people and I recently went to the Petrified Forest. On our way we saw some very old log cabins. We did not have to go very far from the cabins to get to the forest.

It was very interesting. The trees were in very deep pits. There was one tree called the Giant, and another called the Queen and another called the Monarch. They had not finished digging to the end of the Monarch.

When we came out of the forest we went to see geysers in Calistoga and watched the people in swimming.

I am sending you a picture of my dog pet and me.

Sincerely yours,
ELEANOR JENKINS,
Age 9. Mill Valley, Calif.

ELEANOR JENKINS

WATER'S EDGE

Far below the sunset's glow,
Where the lovely rivers flow.
Along the water's edge,
Shady trees bow their heads,
Under which the children play,
Laughing and singing all the day.

PAMELA STEFFAN,
Age 9. New York City, N. Y.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have two sisters and one brother. My sisters' names are Mary Betty and Ruth Eleanor. My little brother's name is J. Warren and my name is Margaret Esther.

We have a dog and three or four cats. Our dog's name is Toots and our cats don't have names.

In the June issue of our magazine we saw the poem and picture about the circus. So we thought we would have a parade. We took a big box and cut holes on each side. Then we took a lot of string and laced it back and forth through the holes. That made the cage. Then we took Warren's teddy bear and put him in the cage. Then we took Warren's wagon and put the cage on the wagon and pulled it around.

MARGARET E. COWGWILL,
Packwood, Alabama.

FEEDING THE BIRDS

Last winter it was so cold that the little birds did not have anything to eat. So we nailed a shelf outside the window. Then we put out sunflower seeds on the shelf and crumbs and suet. The red birds came to the shelf to eat and could eat the sunflower seeds without breaking them in two. Springtime came, and we put out water for them to bathe and drink. We like to watch them bathe and drink.

Some robins built a nest on our back porch this summer. In the summer the birds sing to us to thank us for the food we gave them last winter.

PHILLIP HARTZELL,
Age 9½. Carthage, Illinois.

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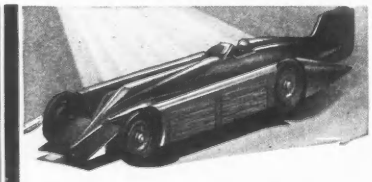

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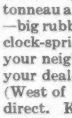

SEND 10c for this Eraser! A steel disc wheel from a Kingsbury Toy with a "balloon" tire of solid eraser rubber. Set of four, 35c.

KINGSBURY MOTOR DRIVEN TOYS

MY DOG TEDDY

I have a little dog,
And his name is Teddy.
He is so cute,
And he's always ready.

I like him when he
Plays around,
And digs his nose
Into the ground.

When the radio plays
He always cries,
And when somebody sings
He also tries.

BARBARA PROTHERS,
Age 11½. Indiana, Pa.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I like my magazine very much indeed. The serials and stories are so interesting, and I especially like the plays.

I am enclosing a picture of myself and my older sister. Our tent, on the back lawn, is of unbleached muslin. We made a flag of blue silk and sewed yellow letters on it, reading "Camp Liberty."

Last summer we had fine times entertaining our friends in this homemade tent.

With love,

GERTRUDE LAASS,
Age 11. Richmond Hill, New York City N. Y.

GERTRUDE LAASS AND HER SISTER

Dear Miss Waldo:

I will tell you about my fishing trip this morning. We got up at six o'clock and ate breakfast and got in the car. We turned off on a road all twists and turns and in little valleys and canyons. We saw two wild ducks floating on a pond, and as soon as we got around the next turn we saw a grouse. I had never seen one like it before. It had a tail like a turkey or a peacock. There was a yellow comb on it, something like a chicken's, and two big rosettes at the side of its neck. Later on we saw two more like it.

Then we came to a bend in the road that we could not see around. As soon as we got around we saw the most beautiful deer. It had short stubs for horns and it pranced along prettier than any horse could.

Soon we came to a place where the road narrowed into a path. We soon got to the lake we were to fish out of. There we saw three wild ducks, bigger or just as big as turkeys.

We did not catch any fish, though we fished and fished. I did not care though, for we had had so much fun.

DIXIE TAYLOR,
Age 10. Allenby, B. C., Canada.

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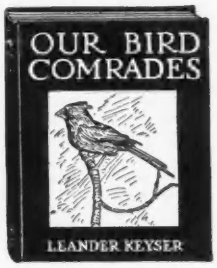
HOW MANY BIRDS DO YOU KNOW?



STARTING with the robin, the sparrow, and the blue jay, can you name a dozen? or two dozen? or only half a dozen?

OUR BIRD COMRADES says it's a rare and exciting pleasure to get acquainted with birds, first-hand. Some of them look so much alike it's hard to tell them apart, and some are so shy it's a real treat to find them at home when you try to call on them. In OUR BIRD COMRADES you will learn just how to go about this fascinating game of bird observing, and the sort of things you may expect to discover about different bird families. Its author describes many birds, tells about their homes and their habits, and relates many adventures he has had while "hunting" birds. This is not a bird "key" with technical descriptions of hundreds of rare birds, but it is an accurate, helpful and enjoyable introduction to birds you may hope to meet near your own home—if you use your eyes and ears wisely and well.

You can buy OUR BIRD COMRADES from your local bookseller for $1.25, or if he cannot supply it send your order to Rand McNally & Company, adding 7c for postage.

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Books for Boys and Girls

MY TRIP TO CALIFORNIA

Last summer I went to California. I have three little cousins out there. Right next door there was a family of Japanese. One of them was a real mechanic. He could make fine automobiles.

One evening I went fishing with him, but I didn't catch anything but seaweed and he caught three eating fish. The next evening I went out with him, and he caught two eating fish and I didn't catch any. And pretty late in the evening he said that he was going home if I didn't hurry up and catch a fish.

Well, I didn't catch a fish, and he was just going to go home when my line began to pull and wiggle. And what do you suppose it was? It was a shark—a baby one. I caught another shark the next day, but I never caught an eating fish.

HAROLD THAYER MERYMAN,
Age 8. Washington, D. C.

BILLY MARY METCALFE ON MINPA

Dear Miss Waldo.

This is the third year that I have taken my magazine, and I think it grows better all the time. I took it to school last year, so my teacher could read it to all of us.

I live on a farm and ride horseback two miles and a half to a rural school. I like to go to school very much. Our school is a first class school and we take pride in keeping it up to standard.

I have two cats, some kittens, three horses, a pony, two calves, some ducks, and a dog for pets.

I have one brother seven years old. His name is Sam. We have good times together. Just now we are making a garden. I have planted flower seeds mostly in mine and Sam has more watermelons than anything else.

Your reader,
BILLY MARY METCALFE,
Age 9. Maitland, Mo.

MY PONY

A western horse is the kind I like,
One with a brand on its hip,
With spirit enough to rear and strike
And run without the use of a whip.

I had a pony like that one time
But when she learned that I was kind
And friendly to her, she'd let me climb
To her back, and never seemed to mind.

She'd never bite nor kick at me,
But let a stranger come around
And try to ride her, he'd soon be
Bucked off and piled up on the ground.

BILLY MARY METCALFE,
Maitland, Mo.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I will tell you about a trip we took to San Antonio a year ago.

We spent most of our time in Brackenridge Park. The Japanese tea garden, or the sunken garden, was to me the most beautiful place in the park. It has many pools of lilies of pink and white. While we were there, a man went through them gathering the trash. They looked so clear I did not see how so much deposit could be in them.

There is a little tea shop in the middle of the garden and quaint arched bridges leading to it across the pools. Then there is the play park with swings, slides, seesaws, merry-whirls and all equipment play parks have.

The swimming pool is a semi-circular affair. There is a shallow end marked off for children, then it starts getting deeper and deeper, till at the other end it is about five feet deep. There is a slide that goes down into the water and it is used constantly.

Daddy had to go to the Army Post for a day, and it is a small town of itself. There is a swimming pool, a theater, provision store, and rows and rows of little bungalows. The swimming pool is very clear. It is very cold at first, but after a while you get used to it. It is divided into halves by a rope. One-half is rather shallow, but deep enough to swim in, and at the other end it is very deep. It has a slanting, concrete bottom, and a slide at the deep end. It also has a swing that goes halfway out across the water and all modern equipment.

I love to watch the soldiers practice. When they march they keep right together and look like one man. When they salute they do just the same.

Yours truly,
LILLIAN BURNS,
Age 11. Munday, Texas.

PUSSY WILLOW

Pussy Willow on a tree,
Will you kindly meau for me?
Aren't you proud as proud can be
Of your babies on a tree?

ROSE EITINGON,
Age 9. New York City, N. Y.

BEVERLY WINSTON

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am a professional dancer and I am gifted with dramatic art. I have danced for charity and find it very interesting. I hope some day to be a great actress.

I also play the piano. I am in 8A grade. I have skipped four grades.

I am sending you a photograph of myself at the seashore a summer passed.

Age 11. BEVERLY WINSTON,

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next month

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A BETTER CHANCE
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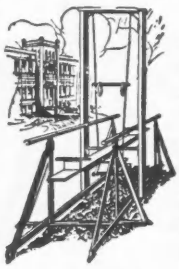

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Write to:

CHILD LIFE Bureau of Education
536 S. Clark Street — Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Waldo:

One day last summer when I was bathing in the creek, I hung my clothes upon a little bush. My dog, Ring, saw me across the creek and swam across the creek with them.

My sister, Jane, said she saw me when shaking them, trying to dry them. I got after Ring for doing it.

I am sending a picture of my dogs and my sisters.

Yours truly,

JANE QUADE,
Age 9. Bozeman, Montana.

JANE AND FRANCES QUADE
Bozeman, Mont.

THE HIDDEN GOLD

By CLARA FAHRENBACH

(See page 407)

DIRECTIONS

WE ARE going adventuring in four beautiful ships in quest of the hidden gold.

The game is to be played on the open magazine with four checkers or buttons or tiddledy-winks of different colors, which represent the different ships, and the spinner at the bottom of the page.

If you have not a ticker, use two pencils connected by a rubber band, through the center of the spinner. Wind tightly and then let go of it and you have a very good spinner.

Any number up to four may play. Each plays in turn. Use a spinner for the order of play.

Place a checker in each of the four corners with their special ships. To enter the game a player must spin 1, and start at the full moon. A player moves forward as many counts as the number he spins. He moves along the outer circle until he reaches a fish, which points the way to the next circle and so on through the four circles, until he reaches the anchor. At the anchor the player must spin the exact number of counts to reach the chest with the hidden gold.

If he meets a seahorse on the way, he advances eight.

The first player to reach the chest with the hidden gold wins the game.

NOTICE TO JOY GIVERS

Original contributions intended for the Joy Givers' department of the November issue of "Child Life" will be received in this office up to and not later than August 31. Stories from 250 to 400 words in length and poems suitable for this issue are desired, as well as letters about interesting places you have visited, unusual things that you have done, interesting pets, etc.—these to be accompanied, if you wish, by your photograph. The best of these contributions will be selected and published; but even in cases where we cannot print your stories and poems and letters because of lack of space, we are always glad to hear from you.

CHILDREN WHO WANT LETTERS

Frances L. Garrott, R.R. No. 1, Hopkinsville, Ky., age 9½.

Muriel Groton, 6430 Pacific Blvd., Huntington Park, Calif., age 12.

Helen E. Thomas, Frazee, Minn., age 13.

Tassie Parker Kennedy, 117 6th St., Taylor, Tex., age 10.

Julia Thomas, 117 Champlin Ave., Liberty, N. Y., age 12.

Marian Hollowell, 873 E. Hoyt St., Portland, Ore.

Jean McLaren, 908 Wilcox St., Joliet, Ill., age 12.

Ruth E. McIntosh, 169 Santiago Ave., Rutherford, N. J., age 11.

Annabelle Jones, 724 Jewel St., Danville, Ill., age 13½.

Helen Markgraf, 3053 Sydenham St., Philadelphia, Pa., age 12.

Jacqueline V. Francis, 139 Ketcham Ave., Amityville, L. I., age 11.

Frances Eatman, Mountain Home, Ark.

Peggy Grube, 200 Gibson St., Berea, Ohio.

LOIS BLANKENBUCHLER

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am sending you a picture of myself that was taken on the shore of Leach Lake in northern Minnesota last summer. I had a very enjoyable time there, going fishing and rowing on the lake.

I have been given my magazine as a Christmas present for the third year now, and I like it very much. The stories are very interesting, especially the "Mystery of Miffles" and "The Jolly Rovers."

I find it hard to wait from one month to the other to receive it.

Yours truly,

LOIS BLANKENBUCHLER,
Age 13. St. Paul, Minn.

ADVENTURES AT MT. CALIPH CAMP

One day, Maria, Catherine and June came home from school all excited. They burst into the living room where their mother sat sewing.

"Mother, what do you think has happened? Patricia Lusen has invited us to go to her father's camp on the outskirts of the city. It is now deserted. We shall be the only ones there. Mrs. Lusen will chaperon us and we'll have a cook and everything." Here she stopped all out of breath. "Oh, Mother! May we go? Monday is a holiday. Please, oh, please."

After a pause her mother consented, and after dinner the girls packed the few things they needed. They took off their dresses and put on their knickers, all but June, who had none. Just as they got downstairs they heard an automobile horn in front of the house. "Oh! Oh! It's the Lusens. Hello, Pat; how do you do, Mr. and Mrs. Lusen."

After the greetings to their chaperons there were farewells to the family. Off they started, not dreaming of the excitement in store for them. They did not reach their goal until nine o'clock.

A fire was built while they told stories. At ten o'clock they at last rolled into their beds and were fast asleep.

After breakfast Mr. Lusen said, "What would you girls say to going on a picnic on the lake?"

Nobody answered but June, for the others were spellbound with the idea of spending the day on a boat. There was a hustle and bustle to get things ready—bathing suits, eats especially and everything to make the most fun for the day. At half past eleven they left camp and reached the lake at twelve.

"All aboard," shouted Mr. Lusen, when they at last reached the lake.

"But where is the boat, Daddy?" asked Pat.

"It will be here in a minute," he answered.

"I have a hunch that none of you have ever been in any kind of a boat but a row boat," said he, "and mine is a yacht. See, here it comes."

They went on board and had a wonderful time, until June fell overboard. After this happened they had to hurry home to camp to get dry clothes for her. The girls thanked Mr. and Mrs. Lusen for their good time that day. June took quite a while to get dressed, but at last she was ready. Mr. Lusen, while June was getting dressed, had decided to go into the woods to pick flowers. If June had known this she would have hurried faster than she did. Pat and Catherine were in the rear of the group when all of a sudden the others heard a faint "Help! Help!" in the distance. Turning around Marie found out that neither Pat nor Catherine were in sight. Quickly they hurried back to camp to secure the necessary things. At last, they got started in the car in the direction the sounds had been heard. Just as they were coming to the bog June spied something sticking out of the mud. She started toward it but Mr. Lusen pulled her back.

"Run and get some boards," he ordered to the others.

After they had gotten some he laid them in a sort of pathway up to the children and pulled them out.

"We saw a pretty bunch of flowers in the bog," Pat explained. "But we did not know we would get caught. I went first and Catherine followed. I was caught, so that I fell backwards on top of Catherine."

It was the last day the campers were to be on Mt. Caliph. They were all excited as to what they should do. Mr. Lusen suggested a weiner roast, Maria a swim and picnic, Catherine a shell find, Mrs. Lusen a moss find and Pat a bonfire and stories. Mr. Lusen's and Catherine's ideas were chosen. They would have the shell find first and the weiner roast last on the lake beach.

Catherine said, "The shell find is to see how many different kinds of shells each one could find and then pick out the best to auction off for so many of the other kind."

When they again reached camp they had a small supper, and told stories. One half hour later they packed their things and bade good-bye to old Mt. Caliph camp and started home again. Everybody was sorry to leave but glad they had something to tell next day at school, especially Pat and Catherine. Their father and mother were so glad to see them that they were offered ice cream and cake. They could not refuse, even though they were so full. The Lusens were later invited by Maria to their summer houseboat. So this ends the happy adventures of Mt. Caliph Camp.

Written when Age 12.

DORIS VELSEY,
St. Petersburg, Fla.

By RUTH McLAUGHLIN
Medford, Ore.

DAY'S END

The sun is sinking in the west,
And all the birdies are at rest.
The mountains are a purple hue,
Bathed in twilight's sparkling dew.
Fairy people gently rousing,
Fairy sheep are gently browsing,
And the music, softly stealing,
Calling them, with wondrous feeling,
To the meadows, far away,
Where the elfkins dance and play.

RUTH McLAUGHLIN,
Age 12. Medford, Oregon.

SUMMER

A robin was singing a song one day,
While all the children were out at play.
"It's summer, it's summer," he seemed to say,
But soon with his mate he flew away.

RICHARD B. REED,
Age 8. Bloomington, Ind.

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Glittering banners, flying plumes, gaudy colors, ludicrous clowns—the circus parade! How the ponies prance as the children's eyes dance with glee; how the monstrous elephant lumbers on his way; how the monkeys chatter! Then we hear the roar of the fierce tawny lion, the growl of the bear, the neighing of the horses. The serpent twines his long sinuous body to and fro, baring his treacherous, poisoned fangs.

Watch the children's faces! Awe, fear, happiness, amazement and delight are written upon them. Wistful Toby Tylers follow with lagging footsteps and Toby Tyler hearts beat sorrowfully as they think of this heaven of childhood gone.

The baby wriggles with mingled joy and fear as the beasts pass in their gorgeous trappings. The camels sway by and the monkeys, incessant chattering is the delight of the spectators.

Then come the soldiers, straight and stately upon their prancing steeds. Last but not least—the band wagon passes. How the children's eyes dance and twinkle with the perfect grandeur of it all.

Oh! The circus parade!

REGINA FRANCES COHEN,
Age 12. Philadelphia, Pa.

THE MAGICAL BED

In a small country across the ocean, there lived a family, a mother and father and three children. They were brothers, the oldest was Jack, then came Bob. and the youngest was Nohn. There was one funny thing about the house they lived in; it was a bed, and it had very funny figures on it. The youngest slept on it every night. When his mother put him to bed, before she had time to kiss him good night, he fell asleep.

The mother became very curious about it. At last she said to Nohn, "I wonder whether you will let me sleep in your bed tonight?" "Of course you may," said Nohn. The next night, before she lay down, she put her hands on the bed. Sure enough her hands went right to sleep.

The next morning she came down to breakfast and said to the family, "We are rich!" "What!" said all of them. "What do you mean?" "Why," said the mother, "we have a magical bed."

The next day the father and mother said to the older boys, "We think you had better start off and try and sell the bed; then we will be rich." The younger boy said, "Oh, can't I go?" "No," they said, "we need you."

So the older boys started off; they were to go to the king of the country, for he could not sleep. If any one could make him sleep they would have half of the kingdom, and also marry his daughter, who was very beautiful.

They had not gone very far, when they came to an Inn. There they stopped for a night, then started to drink and soon forgot where they were to go. After wandering around for about a year, their family became very anxious.

My, you must wonder how they could carry the bed around, but it was a folding bed.

Well, after a year the youngest boy said to his father and mother, "I must go and find my brothers." At last his father and mother consented. After traveling for a month whom should he see but his two brothers, being carried to prison. He ran to them and said, "What have these men done?" "Why," said the police, "they will not pay their debts at the Inn." "How much money did they owe the Innkeeper?" asked Nohn. "Forty-two shillings." "Here is the money." said Nohn.

So his brothers were set free. "Thank you," said the brothers. "But," said Nohn, "where is the bed?" "The bed!" said they. "O we don't know." "You don't know! We must start out to find it. You two go that way and I will go this way." So they set off.

After traveling for about a year he found the bed. Nohn had planned to meet them in a year. He started for the meeting place with the bed. When he got there, he did not find his brothers anywhere. Then out of the bushes they jumped and bound Nohn. After that, they took the bed and started off for the castle. Not long afterward a peasant came along and unbound Nohn.

The brothers came to the castle. The king said, "How can you make me go to sleep?" "Why," said the brothers, "all you have to do is lie down on the bed and you will go to sleep." That night he lay down, but he did not sleep.

Just then Nohn came in the room. "Why, brothers, why did you take my bed?" "What," said the king, "is this your bed?" "Yes," said Nohn. "Then how did they get it?" asked the king. "They took it from me," said Nohn. "Then they shall go to prison." "Wait," said Nohn. "First try to sleep on this," "All right," said the king, "but I tried it before." So the king lay down and right away fell asleep.

"Why," said the brothers, "why didn't it do that for us?" "Because," said Nohn, "it was not yours."

After that Nohn set his brothers free. Then he married the princess. They sent money home to their mother and father and they lived happy ever after.

MARY H. CLENDENIN.
Age 10. Chicago, Ill.

JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

(Continued from page 402)

dandy vitamin cereal that gives us pep. There was VITA-WHEAT, made by the vitamin and Carbohydrate Captains to keep away ill health. That tastes fine, too. And FIG BRAN—maybe that isn't tasty! Its protein and mineral salts make us sturdy. And then those appetizing MALTED NUTS—which are as good for us as milk, and—"

"And remember the delicious HEALTH CHOCOLATE, YEAST NUT BARS, FRUIT CRACKERS, OATMEAL WAFERS, BRAN BISCUITS, PARAMELS and all the other wonderful eats!" chimed in Ruth.

General Good Health was smiling now, and he leaned down and handed Ruth and Robert a key. "You and your friends may enter the castle," he said. "And inside it you will find one of the secrets of happiness—good health!"

Ruth and Robert flung wide the door.

"I just wish we could show every boy and girl the way!" they cried.